

No 638

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5 Cents.

# WILD WEST

## WEEKLY.

### YOUNG WILD WEST'S NEUTRALITY

### OR ACCUSED BY GERMANS AND ALLIES

AND OTHER STORIES

By An Old Scout



The officer quickly scanned the papers. "He is a spy!" he shouted. "Seize him!" came the order from the captain. Wild started to run to the spot, but was quickly seized by two soldiers.

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# WILD WEST WEEKLY

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## YOUNG WILD WEST'S NEUTRALITY

—OR—

### ACCUSED BY GERMANS AND ALLIES

By AN OLD SCOUT

#### CHAPTER I.

##### IN VERDUN.

The reinforced German forces were advancing upon Verdun, in the eastern part of France just as Young Wild West and the friends who traveled with him on his quests for excitement and adventure arrived there.

The big Wild West Show the dashing young American deadshot had taken to Europe the spring before the great war started was held in camp near Berlin, Germany, so there was nothing for them to do but to see as much as they could of what was going on and get all they could from it.

Wild had been lucky enough to get on very friendly terms with the Kaiser, and this had resulted in his obtaining official papers and passes that would take him anywhere in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

He also had letters and papers that would take him pretty well through France, so after putting in a couple of weeks on the Servian frontier he had returned into France.

With him were his golden-haired sweetheart, Arietta Murdoch; Cheyenne Charlie and his wife, Anna; Jim Dart and Eloise Gardner, his sweetheart, and Hop Wah, the clever Chinese.

They all had their horses with them, the young deadshot still being in possession of his gallant sorrel stallion, Spitfire.

Fierce fighting had been going on along the French frontier for some time, the Germans working on the offensive.

Naturally the French and their English Allies were putting up a desperate fight to prevent the Kaiser from taking Paris, and on the afternoon our hero and his friends arrived in Verdun the general feeling was that the Allies had the situation pretty well in hand.

Once before Wild had set out for the purpose of reaching Paris. He had been forced to give it up, owing to conditions that prevailed at the time.

He was going to try again, and if there was any possible chance of getting there he meant to spend a few days in the great French capital.

The majority of the people living in Verdun had fled, and but few shops and other places of business remained open.

Many buildings had been seized for the purpose of accommodating the vast number of troops, and on the whole, when Young Wild West and his fearless companions reached the city it looked like anything but a safe place to remain.

But they all, even to the girls, possessed adventurous spirits, and as they had already seen so much of the war, they had become somewhat hardened to it.

Arietta, Anna and Eloise had put in considerable time with the Red Cross, acting as nurses and doing a lot of good.

But they were strictly neutral, and with the exception of Cheyenne Charlie, no one had ever been heard to express themselves as being in favor of any particular power.

But even if the scout did sometimes forget himself and say something that would be taken that he had a choice in the matter, he was just as likely to say the same thing over again with the opposing force as his choice at any time.

Charlie was of a rather nervous temperament, and was very apt to express himself before he thought.

If he saw anything like brutality being done by one side he would promptly condemn it.

Then if it happened on the other side he would do the same, so really Cheyenne Charlie was neutral, after all.

Our friends were lucky enough to find a good stable to keep their horses.

They were in no hurry to leave Verdun, for it was expected every moment that a desperate advance would be made by the German forces, and they wanted to be right on the spot when the worst of the battle was raging.

One of the forts lying outside of the besieged city had already been taken by the Germans; but masked buttresses had been quickly formed right in the very heart of Verdun, and the French and English had their best gunners in charge of them.

As far as numbers were concerned, the opposing forces were about equal.

The Germans had rushed reinforcements to the battle line, which was fully eight miles in length in this vicinity, while the French had transported many Algerian soldiers to the spot.

Of course the British were there in great numbers, for two commands had been sent to Verdun, splitting off from their main forces to be in Luxemburg along the Belgian frontier.

If it had not been that the greater portion of the city's inhabitants had fled, there surely would have been a scarcity of provisions.

But as it was, the young deadshot and his companions found no difficulty in getting what they wanted to eat.

They had obtained permission to use a furnished house that had been vacated by the owners or tenants, and with the scout's wife to assist Hop Wah in the cooking, there was no danger of them starving for a while.

The first thing that Young Wild West did upon entering the city was to seek out the commanding general of the French forces.

He found he could speak English very well, so after showing him his passport and other papers, he gave him more permission than the ordinary American traveler could expect to obtain who got on a solid basis with him.



Then he made his way in search of the English general, who happened to be Lord Kitchen-er, for the spirited Englishman who had made such a name for himself in his valiant fight for England had come down that way to take charge for a few days.

Wild found the general to be rather democratic in his way, and it did not take him long to get pretty well in his confidence, especially after he had briefly related some of his experiences with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince.

"All I want of you, General Kitchen-er, is a signed paper that will permit me to go through the lines of your forces whenever I like, so long as I am not interfering with the duties of the officers or men in any way."

"A rather surprising request," drawled the general, a twinkle in his eyes. "But you as the young proprietor of the great American show are not what might be called a stranger to me. I have read of your great exploits in your own country, and I must say that I admire you. It is surprising to me that you are so young, and it seems almost impossible that you could have accomplished so much and gone through so many thrilling experiences."

"That's all right, general. I started in when I was a little kid, and I have been going ever since. I can't help it if I am only a boy. Some day I'll be a man, and then you can bet I'll keep right on going. But how about it, general? You are going to give me the paper I ask for, I suppose."

Lord Kitchen-er looked thoughtful for a moment.

Then without a word he turned to his desk and hastily wrote out exactly what Wild was after.

"There you are. It is the first time such a thing has ever been done," he declared. "But your American nerve—audacity, I might call it—has got the best of me. I presume that you are strictly neutral in this war."

"Just as neutral as can be, general. I wouldn't do a thing that would benefit or injure either side. It's the same with my partners and the girls, and the Chinaman we have with us, too."

"A Chinaman, eh?"

"Yes, our handy man, who is now acting as cook. A very clever fellow he is, too, general. A first-class magician, and a born practical joker, but don't seem to quite understand what real danger is."

"Surprising," and the general smiled.

But he was too busy to carry the conversation much further, and as Wild had obtained what he was after, he was not at all displeased when General Kitchen-er informed him that he had business of importance to attend to.

"Much obliged to you, general," the young deadshot said, as he saluted and passed out of the office. "I hope I'll be able to do a good turn for you presently. If I can, you can bet your life I'll do it."

"Thank you, Young Wild West," was the laughing reply.

"Well, boys," the young deadshot said to his two partners, who were waiting for him outside the building, "I reckon there wasn't much trouble in fixing up things the way I wanted them. Now then, we'll be able to go and come as we please, both among the French and English. As soon as we have supper we'll take a walk around and try and get a line on what is going on. Probably we might meet with some real excitement while we're doing it."

"I don't know as there's anybody in this here blamed place that I feel like lickin'," the scout declared, shrugging his shoulders. "But of course if I see somethin' goin' on that I don't like it won't make no difference to me whether it's a German or a Frenchman. I'll let him know that I'm in the land of the livin', an' maybe he'll find out afore I'm through that I'm Cheyenne Charlie what was born in old Cheyenne, an' that I'm all wool an' a yard wide."

This caused Wild and Jim Dart to laugh, for the scout sometimes had a boastful way about him, though when it came to the point he was always there, since no such thing as fear ever entered his mind.

Young Wild West had earned the title of Champion Deadshot in the Western part of the United States, and it is safe to say that his two partners were very apt pupils.

It was the same with Arietta, his sweetheart, and it might be added that Anna and Eloise could do pretty quick and straight shooting when the necessity demanded it.

The three returned to the house they were stopping at and found the girls and the clever Chinaman there.

The woman's wife was engaged in preparing supper, but Hop was not waiting for her.

He was in the room sitting upon a chair before a table,

upon which were scattered a number of small articles, vials that were filled with various colored powders, etc.

"What's the matter with the cook, Anna?" Wild said, as he entered and took in what was to be seen in the room.

"Oh, he's not half as much of a cook as his brother Wing, and I told him I would go ahead and fix up what we wanted for supper," was the reply.

"Lat allee light, Misler Wild," the Chinaman at the table spoke up. "Me wantee fixee uppee some thilings, so be. Me gottee makee lillee fireworks."

"All right. So long as Anna is satisfied, it makes no difference. But of course Arietta or Eloise could give her all the help she wanted, anyhow. Certainly we didn't let you come with us for the cooking you could do."

"Me knowee lat, Misler Wild. Me velly smartee Chineee, but me no goodee cookee likee my blother Wing. He fool Chineee, but he makee evelythling velly nicee when you wantee eatee."

Before the supper was ready Wild showed the girls the papers he had obtained from the two generals.

"You are a wonder," Arietta declared, looking at him admiringly. "Why, that paper from Lord Kitchen-er would take you almost anywhere."

"That's right, little girl. Anywhere through France or Belgium, but not into Germany."

"That matters not, either," Eloise spoke up, smilingly. "You have the documents that will take us anywhere there."

"Right you are, so you see we are all right, as long as we want to hang around war-ridden Europe."

Heavy firing had been going on all day long, but as the shades of night came on it began to lessen, and by the time Young Wild West and his friends had eaten their supper it had ceased entirely.

But they knew it would be resumed again the first thing in the morning, or possibly an attack might be made during the night.

However, they were not at all alarmed as to their safety, and after their rooms had been lighted, the windows barred, and everything was comfortable there, the young deadshot nodded to the girls and said:

"Now then, I am going to take a little walk about the city."

"An' I'm goin' with you, Wild, if you ain't got no objections," the scout spoke up.

"How about you, Jim?"

"I hardly think it advisable for the three of us to go. I would just as leave remain here with the girls," Dart answered.

Both Wild and Charlie knew he meant what he said, for the fact was that of the three girls Eloise was the more timid, and she was always a little worried when all three were away at one time.

"You can suit yourself about it, Jim," Charlie said. "If you feel like goin' out with Wild I'll stay. It ain't right for me to git the most of the fun."

"Sometimes it is anything but fun, Charlie," his wife spoke up, shaking her head.

"I know that, gal. But what's the difference? Excitement is in the line with fun, an' as long as we don't git shot an' manage to git back safe, I call it fun."

So it was easily settled that Charlie would accompany Wild.

As the two were about to leave the house Jim suddenly called their attention to the fact that Hop Wah had mysteriously disappeared.

No one had seen him go out, but it was plain that he had done so, for certainly he was not in the big room that might be called a kitchen and living-room combined.

But there were sleeping-rooms opening from a hall on the same floor, and one of them had been allotted to him.

Charlie started to look and see if Hop was in his room, but Wild touched him on the arm and said:

"Never mind, Charlie. It's a sure thing that he isn't there. He heard me say that I was going out, and you can bet he has slipped out ahead so he may have the chance to go along."

"You ain't goin' to let him go, are you, Wild?"

"Oh, I don't know. He generally brings us luck when we take him with us."

"That's so, too. If it wasn't for the fresh vittles he got of doin' things, I wouldn't mind it. Just as if he couldn't have stayed here an' asked to go."

"That's because he thought I might refuse him."



"I s'pose so. Well, all right. We'll go an' see if we kin find the heathen waitin' for us."

Then after assuring Jim and the girls that they would return in due season, the two went on out to the street.

It happened that most of the houses on either side of the one they were occupying temporarily had been deserted and were in darkness.

A few street lights showed, but most of them had been put out of business, for a few shells from the big Krupp guns of the enemy had done damage in the city.

As Wild and Charlie turned to the left to proceed down the street a human form suddenly came from behind a stone wall.

It was Hop Wah, the clever Chinese.

"Velly nice evening, Mislir Wild," he said, bowing low to the ground.

"Shet up, heathen," Cheyenne Charlie retorted, sharply. "You're always makin' a fool of yourself."

"Lat allee light, Mislir Charlie. Me no wantee makee you mad. Me velly goodee Chinese. Me go to Sunday-school in 'Flisco."

"What are you doing here, Hop?" Wild demanded, acting very much as if he was angry about it.

"You takee lillee walk, Mislir Wild, and me wantee go, too, so be."

"All right. But mind you, no practical joking to-night."

"Me likee havee lillee fun, Mislir Wild."

"Some of these times you'll get more fun than you want. But never mind now. Come on. You just walk behind us, and see to it that you behave. You must remember that soldiers, as a rule haven't much respect for a common heathen."

"Plenty soldiers here whatee talkee Melican language, Mislir Wild. Me likee lat velly muchee."

Here and there groups of soldiers, both French and English, could be seen loitering, for they had been relieved of duty for a time.

As our three friends wore the Wild West costumes, just the same as if they were exhibiting at the show, it was natural that they should attract more than ordinary attention.

But it seemed to have spread about pretty well as to who they were, so for the most part they were respected.

They went on up the street for probably half a dozen blocks.

Then just as they neared the corner of a very narrow street they saw a man wearing the uniform of the English cavalry turn the corner sharply and act as if he was trying to elude some one.

A moment later two officers, one of whom was a captain, hurried to the spot, talking in whispers as they did so.

"Boys," the young deadshot said, turning to his two partners. "I reckon something is up. We'll have to see what this means. Those two fellows are after the other one. Come on."

Charlie and Jim nodded, and then with Hop following them, the three hurried rapidly to the corner, just as the captain and the other man came to a halt.

"If Doran has left his post to keep that appointment with his sweetheart, I shall have him court-martialed," they heard the captain say.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BEGINNING OF A LITTLE ADVENTURE.

While they did not think that anything really exciting would come from it, Young Wild West and his partners could not resist the temptation to make an investigation and see what would happen to the cavalryman who was being followed by a captain and another officer.

Wild made a motion signifying that he wanted those with him to cross the street, so they might elude the two officers on the corner.

Then he started slowly across.

Charlie, Jim and Hop followed him, and just as they reached the other side and stood upon the narrow sidewalk the two men turned in the direction the cavalryman had taken, walking along softly, as if they feared they might be seen approaching.

"That feller is goin' to see his gal when he oughter be on duty," Charlie said, nodding to Wild and Jim.

"That's right," the young deadshot answered, "and the chance are he will be put in the guard-house and kept on

bread and water for a day or two for doing it. Well, perhaps he is willing to suffer the consequences for having the chance of meeting his sweetheart. We'll just drop down that way now, boys, and maybe we might be able to help him out a little."

The two officers had halted again, and were talking in low tones as if undecided just what to do.

Finally they turned and came back, and then Wild told his partners to get back within the shadow of a dark building that was close at hand.

They had barely done this when the men crossed the street.

They paused within a few feet of where the four were standing close to the wall of the building.

"When I picked up that note after giving Doran the message to take to Colonel Horton, I felt pretty sure that he would neglect to do his duty and go and see the girl. Now I am quite sure of it, for that is not the way to proceed in order to reach the colonel's headquarters," they heard the captain say.

"He should be strongly disciplined, captain," the man with him replied, with a shrug of the shoulders which our friends could readily see, for it was somewhat lighter where the two officers were standing than where they had concealed themselves.

"Very well. I shall leave it to you to follow him and find out. You can wait about five minutes, and then walk leisurely down that dark street. Keep your ears open, and your eyes, too, and probably you will not be long in discovering what Doran is up to and why he went that way."

The man, who was a second lieutenant of the cavalry, nodded his head, and then the captain left him and went away.

Presently the lieutenant began pacing up and down the narrow sidewalk, and when he was some little distance from them Wild whispered to his partners and the Chinaman to follow him and slipped along close to the front of the dark building, and then turned across the street.

He waited until the lieutenant was walking the other way again, and down the street which the man called Doran had taken the four made their way.

They did not see a light upon the street until they had covered a distance of perhaps a hundred yards.

Then they saw one coming from a small window which seemed to have been darkened by a heavy curtain, or some other fabric.

It being the only light anywhere around, naturally they were attracted to it.

Wild led the way along, and finding a rather high fence, he pushed on until he came to a gate.

This was not fastened, as he soon discovered.

The light came from a building just inside the fence, and almost opposite to it.

The young deadshot pushed open the gate, and all stepped in after him.

Then they were just in time to hear a man bid some one farewell.

A sound very much like a smacking kiss followed, and just then the door of the house opened and Doran, the cavalryman, stepped outside.

He could not help seeing Young Wild West and his partners, and the moment he did so he gave a start and reached for the big revolver that hung at his side.

"Take it easy, Doran," the young deadshot said, in a low tone of voice. "They're after you."

"Who are you?" came the reply, as the cavalryman stepped forward and scrutinized the boy closely.

"I am Young Wild West."

"Ah! You're the American I have read about. What do you mean when you say they are after me?"

"I reckon the captain of your company knows what you're up to. You lost a note that you received from your sweetheart, I believe. He picked it up, and he has put the second lieutenant on your track. We heard them say that you would be court-martialed if it was found that you had gone to meet your sweetheart, instead of proceeding to the place you were sent to."

"Ah! The captain found the note, eh? Well, that is too bad. I must hurry away from here, for I don't relish the idea of being put in the guard-house."

"All right. Just wait a minute."

Then Wild stepped to the gate, and peering up the street saw a man slowly approaching.

He knew pretty well that it was the lieutenant, so he decided quickly upon a plan of action.

Not that it would benefit him any, but there was enough



sentiment about him to make him feel as if he should help the cavalryman out of his difficulty.

"You wait right here for about two minutes. We'll go on out and meet the lieutenant and keep his attention attracted in another way so you can have a chance to get away. I reckon you'll have time to kiss your sweetheart again, if you want to."

As he said this the young deadshot stepped boldly through the gateway.

Charlie, Jim and Hop followed him, and then after hesitating a moment the cavalryman hastened back into the house.

Our friends met the lieutenant not more than two hundred feet from the gate.

He looked at them somewhat surprised, for he must have seen where they came from.

"Good-evening, lieutenant," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way, as he saluted in military fashion.

"Good-evening," was the reply. "Ah! I see that you are the Americans who brought the big Wild West Show to Europe."

"You have got that just right, my friend. May I ask what you are doing in this vicinity?"

"Merely taking a stroll," was the reply.

"That's what we were doing. We started down this street, but finding it to be a pretty dark one, we decided to come back."

"You were right near that light down there," the lieutenant ventured.

"Yes. It attracted our attention, so we stopped and listened."

"Did you hear anything?"

"No. But we saw two men leave the house and walk up this street while we were there."

"You did? Are you sure both were men?"

"Oh, yes."

"Were they soldiers?"

"No. Looked to be just like natives of the town."

Wild thought it was not at all wrong to prevaricate a little.

"They went right along up this way, and were keeping pretty close to the buildings," he went on, as he caused the lieutenant to look back up the street. "When they got to the corner they must have turned it, for they suddenly disappeared."

Just then Jim, who was watching the gate, saw the cavalryman slip out and run lightly the other way.

Wild kept on talking to the lieutenant, and when Jim finally saw the man disappear around the next corner he gave a cough, and stepping close to the young deadshot, said:

"I see no use in remaining here, for there is nothing at all puzzling about the two men leaving the house where the light is."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the light disappeared, showing that it had been extinguished by some one inside.

"The light is out!" Wild exclaimed, pulling the lieutenant around and pointing in the direction where it had showed.

"I think I'll go there and investigate," was the quick reply. "The fact is I am looking after one of the men, who it seems has strayed from his path of duty."

"Want us to help you, lieutenant?"

"No, I hardly need any help. I thank you just the same."

"All right. I'll bid you good-evening."

"The same to you."

They parted company then, Wild and his partners, with the Chinaman following, going on back to the street they had turned from in order to reach the place where they had seen the light.

"He'll never find that feller now, Wild," Charlie said, with a chuckle. "But he might go in there and raise ructions with the gal."

"That is very true. But I take it that she must be wise enough to let her know what was in the wind. We'll just wait up here and see if he comes back soon."

They were not long in reaching the spot where they had hidden themselves in the shadow of the big building, and then they came to a pause and waited.

In about ten minutes they saw a man coming up the dark street, and they took it for granted that it was the lieutenant.

This proved to be the case, for he turned the corner and went on slowly until he got out of sight.

"Well, boys, which way now?" the young deadshot said, as he stepped out upon the sidewalk and stopped.

"Let's go on down that street ag'in," Charlie suggested. "Somethin' seems to tell me that we'll find somethin' worth while if we do."

"All right. We want to kill time a little bit, anyway. We'll walk down a couple of blocks, and then turn until we get to one of the camps which are located over to the right. Come on."

They crossed over and proceeded on down the street, and just when they were within a few yards of the gate in the broad fence a light suddenly appeared exactly where it had been before.

But that was not all.

A muffled shriek followed, which they knew for a certainty was the voice of a female.

Then came a scuffling sound, followed by some pretty loud talk in French, after which all was still.

Out went the light.

This was more than enough to make Young Wild West feel like investigating.

"Come on, boys," he said, in a whisper, and then he swung open the gate and ran to the door of the house, which was a rather meanly-constructed affair.

Finding the door ajar, the boy pushed his way in, and just as he got into a narrow little hall he heard another shriek coming as if from the rear of the building.

"Help! Help me!" came in good English, the voice being that of a female.

Though he could not see his hand before his face in the dark hall, Young Wild West hurried on through and came to the doorway.

As he rushed through this he could see the stars shining overhead and a glare from the lights that no doubt came from the camp-fires of the soldiers in the distance.

"I reckon the cries we heard came from the cavalryman's sweetheart, boys," Wild said, in a low tone of voice. "Just take it easy now, and don't get excited. We have struck a little adventure, and you can bet we are going to see it through."

"Lat light, Misler Wild. We see um thlough, so be," Hop Wah answered, cheerfully.

Into a little yard they descended by means of a flight of rickety steps, and then to the end of it they hurried, just in time to hear a gate slam some little distance away.

As they could see the way very well now, they hurried on and quickly found the gate.

Passing through, they emerged into an alley, which they knew must lead to the street.

In a very short time they came into another street, and they were just in time to see two men hurrying along in the darkness and carrying a burden.

"A kidnapping case as sure as I live!" the young deadshot exclaimed. "We are strictly neutral, but I reckon this has nothing to do with the war, anyhow. Come on. We are going to save the lady, and you can bet on it."

The young deadshot bounded forward, and gained rapidly upon the two men, who were handicapped with their burden.

Wild knew pretty well that the burden was nothing more than the female who had uttered the cries for help.

There being no lights near by, he could not distinguish anything more than the form.

But as he drew a little closer he could see that it was moving, showing that the girl was struggling.

"Stop right where you are!" he called out, at the same time pulling his gun and waving it threateningly.

An angry cry came from the lips of one of the men, who quickly let the full burden fall upon the other as he faced Wild, who was not within thirty feet of him.

Something in French came from him which Wild understood as a threat, and when he saw a knife flash in his hand he knew right away that it was meant for him.

"Drop that!" he called out, as he leaped forward with the quickness of a tiger.

"Whoopee, whoopee!" shouted Cheyenne Charlie, as he came running up. "We've got 'em dead to rights, Wild."

At this the girl, who was no doubt being kidnaped, struggled so hard that she partly got away from the other villain, and she began screaming at the top of her voice.

In spite of the fact that he was confronted by a revolver the other fellow crouched to meet the young deadshot, and when they were very close together he made a lunge with a knife he had gripped in his hand.

Wild did not shoot.

He knew what was coming, so he cleverly avoided the blow,



and then clenching his left fist, he let drive good and hard, catching the fellow on the side of the jaw and felling him to the sidewalk.

Having done this, he turned upon the other, and pushing the muzzle of his revolver right against his ribs, he exclaimed:

"Let the lady go, or I'll put a hole through you, you sneaking scoundrel!"

An exclamation in French came from the fellow's lips, and then he released his hold upon the girl, who was so nearly overcome that she quickly sank to the ground.

Then he fearlessly leaped at the boy who had interfered with the little kidnapping game.

Wild was caught somewhat unawares, and almost before he knew it the revolver was knocked from his hands and he found himself struggling with the wiry Frenchman.

But the screams of the girl had attracted attention.

Out of the building close at hand four dark forms suddenly appeared.

Crack, crack!

They at once began firing, showing plainly that they were friends of the two kidnappers.

Charlie and Jim at once backed away a little, for the bullets came dangerously close to them.

It being dark, they wanted to make sure that they would not hit Wild or the girl.

But before they got a chance to answer the shots the fellow who was struggling with the young deadshot was assisted by two more, and then Wild suddenly felt himself being dragged into the darkness.

Down a small stairway he went, and two seconds later a heavy door banged and he knew he was in the cellar.

Meanwhile the girl suddenly sprang to her feet and ran across the street, where she seemed to know that her friends were.

"Save me!" she cried.

"It's all right, gal. I reckon you're safe enough now," Charlie answered, for he was watching across the street, not knowing what had become of Wild.

He had heard the banging of the heavy iron door, but did not know what had happened.

All of the men had disappeared, too, save the one Wild had knocked down, who must have been rendered unconscious, for he lay as still as if he was dead.

"Look after the gal, Jim. I'm goin' to see where Wild is," Charlie said, and then he ran quickly across the street.

But there was no one there save the afore-mentioned Frenchman, who was stretched upon the narrow stone sidewalk.

"Great gimlets!" Charlie exclaimed. "What in thunder has become of Wild?"

Then he began shouting the name of the young deadshot at the top of his voice.

But there was no reply.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WILD ESCAPES FROM THE VILLAINS.

Though he knew he had very little chance against so many odds, Young Wild West struggled desperate to free himself after having been dragged so suddenly into the dark cellar.

But in spite of anything he could do, he was gradually forced to give in, and the result was that in less than two minutes he was disarmed and had his arms bound to his sides.

Then it was that he began to shout for help.

But the muzzle of a revolver was quickly pressed against his temple, and a command in French told him to stop.

Wild obeyed, for he realized fully that he was in the hands of desperate criminals, and that it was quite likely that they would not hesitate to take his life.

"What does this mean?" he asked in as good French as he could speak. "I am an American, and I demand to be released."

A snoring laugh sounded, and then he was seized by a man on either side and hustled across the dark cellar.

A heavy iron door suddenly opened and a ray of light fluted upon him, causing the boy to close his eyes for a moment.

When he opened them again he found himself looking into a well-lighted chamber that was no doubt a portion of the cellar he had been dragged into.

Into it he was hustled, and then as he was pushed against a wall at the further end he looked around and found himself in the presence of five men, all of whom looked quite villainous.

Nearly every man wore a slouch hat, which was well pulled down over his eyes, and their clothing was of the sort that is worn by the very low class.

There was scarcely anything in the way of furnishing in the apartment, though the big light that hung from the ceiling made it very bright, so that the darkest corners could easily be seen.

"Well, you sneaking coyotes," the young deadshot said, just as coolly as if not the least thing in the way of danger was facing him, "you have got me here. Now then, tell me what it means."

He spoke in his native tongue, and somewhat to his surprise one of the men stepped forward, and snapping his fingers in a tantalizing way, answered:

"Ah! Ze American boy is no afraid. It is one great pleasure to see zat. He is ze owner of ze wonderful great Wild West Show what we see on ze bills so many times. Zat is good, for he must have plenty of money. Money is what we must have. Maybe he will pay well."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," was the quick reply, while the eyes of the young American deadshot flashed dangerously.

"Ah! Zat is all right. We will see, m'sieur. The wonderful brave American boy of ze Wild West is no afraid."

"You can bet your life I am not afraid of you. Now if you know when you are well off you will liberate me instantly. A couple of your gang were kidnapping a young lady, and when I discovered it I came to her rescue. That is the American style of it, you know."

"Zat is our business. We have to make money, M'sieur Wild West of the great show, let me tell you zat; we find that the young lady have a very rich uncle. She a nurse of ze Red Cross. Ze uncle would no doubt pay very big money to find her if she come missing. We know ze business of which we engage, m'sieur. It was no right for you to interfere. But you make us lose ze young lady, so we have to get ze money through you. Now zen, let me tell you, m'sieur, you must write ze order for five thousand francs immediately, or we will fix it so zat you die."

Wild was entirely devoid of fear now.

He knew very well that Charlie and Jim would not be long in discovering that he had been taken into the dark cellar.

This meant that they would find a means of rescuing him.

But it soon became evident that his captors did not mean to keep him in that particular place very long.

After having told him what was expected of him, the Frenchman who could speak English turned and conversed with his companions a minute or two, after which two of them took the captive boy by the arms and led him to the other end of the room, where there was a narrow door.

This was quickly unlocked, and he was pushed through into the darkness.

He looked back and saw one of the villains in the act of putting out a light, and then he was hustled on through a dark passage which turned several times until he knew he must have covered a distance of easily two hundred feet.

He could hear the villains walking behind him, and it was quite plain that the two leading him knew the way.

Presently they came to some high steps that were composed of brick and mortar, and then upward Wild was forced to go until his head actually touched the flooring above him.

One of the others then pushed up past him and raised the trap-door, which he quickly went through, and then struck a match.

"Ze brave American of ze Wild West Show will come on up," he said, tantalizingly.

Wild did so quite willingly, for he now felt that his chances of being discovered by his two partners were getting worse.

However, he was not the one to become discouraged.

He knew pretty well that the thin rope that held his arms to his sides could be stretched, for he had already tested it.

Even though it would be a case of five against one, if he had his hands free he felt that he would stand a good chance of getting the best of them.

His revolver had been taken from him, true, but they certainly all possessed similar weapons, and it ought to be possible for him to get hold of one of them.

He would shoot, and shoot to kill, too, for his case was certainly desperate.



The match the English-speaking Frenchman had lighted quickly went out, but he was not long in striking another.

Then when all of them had emerged from the trap-door it was closed and the boy prisoner was hustled along a short hallway, only to emerge into a dimly-lighted room where there were a few tables and chairs.

The atmosphere was very smoky, so Wild suggested instantly that it was simply the rear room of a saloon that was doing business contrary to the military rulings of the city.

"You will please sit down, m'sieur," the Frenchman who seemed to be the leader said, somewhat mockingly, as he pointed to a chair.

Wild stepped over and sat down, his coolness never leaving him.

Shuffling footsteps were heard, and presently a bullet-headed man with small, beady, black eyes entered, carrying a tray upon which was a bottle and some glasses.

A big apron that had once been white hung almost to his feet, and as he looked at the American boy a sinister smile promptly showed on his face.

But this quickly changed to an expression of bewilderment.

"I thought it was a girl you were to bring here, Le Tandier," he said, looking at the leader.

"That is right. But we lost the girl, and got the great American Wild West Show proprietor," was the reply.

"That is strange."

Le Tandier, as he was called, quickly explained what had happened, and then the saloon-keeper, for such he was, nodded and showed that he was satisfied.

"Ze very strange things happen, M'sieur Wild West," the leader remarked, as he turned and nodded to Wild. "You make us lose ze girl, but we got you. Ha, ha, ha! Who would expect such a thing in ze city vere there is so much fight?"

"You are a pretty cool sort of villain," the young deadshot answered, in his cool and easy way. "But you needn't expect to gain anything by what you have done. What you will get is death in some sort of way, and in a very few hours from now. You can take it from me as coming straight, so the quicker you change your mind and release me the better it will be for you."

"We will see, m'sieur!" the man exclaimed, mockingly. "Now then, maybe you will write a little."

Paper, pen and ink were soon found and placed before Wild on the table.

Then Le Tandier coolly untied the rope that held his arms to his sides.

"You will please write to your friends zat unless dey pay five thousand francs before nine o'clock in the morning you will die, m'sieur. Please put it down zat way."

Wild thought a moment.

It struck him that perhaps Charlie and Jim would be unable to trail him to the place where he now was.

If such a message was sent to them they might find a means of following the man who brought it, and then his rescue could be effected.

"All right," he said. "I'll write what you say."

The leader of the band could read English as well as speak it, and when he saw that the boy wrote exactly as he dictated he gave a nod of satisfaction and said:

"M'sieur Wild West, you have ze brains, and you know how to use them. Zat is good. Now maybe it will be very soon when you shall leave and go your way."

He then singled out one of the men, who was an undersized fellow with a heavy mustache and a huge scar across his nose, to deliver the message.

Wild could not imagine how they would know where to send it, but he had experienced puzzling things before, so he did not speculate upon it very much.

When the man had gone, taking the note with him, Le Tandier coolly tied the rope about the boy's arms again, making it quite secure.

"Now zen, maybe you will lay down, M'sieur Wild West," he said, smilingly. "Come."

Wild permitted himself to be led to a small door at the further end of the room, and when it was opened and he saw a couch there, he did not hesitate to lie down.

The door was quickly closed and locked, and the boy was in darkness.

It was a very small room, being barely wide enough for the couch and just a little longer than was necessary for it.

There was no window, or any way to get out of it other than by the door.

This the young deadshot soon discovered by feeling about as best he could.

There was no help for it, so he threw himself back on the couch and prepared to take things as easy as he could until something turned up in his favor.

An hour passed by.

He could hear the villains in the adjoining room talking and clinking glasses, and this kept up for fully two hours longer.

Then things became rather quiet.

But finally a stir was heard, and then excited voices came to the boy's ears.

After listening for a moment he satisfied himself that the messenger had returned.

But he could not quite catch what was being said, for it was all spoken in French and in low tones.

Wild expected every minute that some one would come and open the door, but such did not happen, and finally things became very quiet again, and almost before he knew it he fell into a doze and soon dropped into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he knew it was daylight, for he could see under the crack of the narrow door.

A peculiar sort of odor filled the room, and though it was not exactly like chloroform, he knew that some sort of drug had been forced into the place so he might go to sleep.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, as he shook his head and tried to wipe his mouth and nose upon his arm. "No wonder I fell asleep. I must have slept a good while, too, for it is morning. When am I going to get out of here, I'd like to know?"

He quickly got up from the couch, and found himself somewhat dizzy.

Tired of being in the place, especially when there was such an odor there, he kicked gently upon the door.

There was no response.

After waiting for fully five minutes he dropped to the floor and tried to peer under the door.

But he could not do this very well, even though the crack was fully half an inch in width.

"If I could only get my hands free I wouldn't be long in getting out of this prison," he thought.

But he had tried many times to slip the bonds without success, and he knew it would be useless now.

However, while there is life there is hope, as the old saying goes, and he made a desperate attempt to free his hands.

But the result was the same.

He merely caused the rope to cut in all the more, and suffered pain because of it.

Becoming quite calm again, he took a good view of the interior of the little apartment.

Finally his eyes rested upon the lock of the door, and when he saw that part of it had been broken off, leaving a jagged edge right at the left of the knob, a sudden thought popped into his head.

Why could he not cut the rope by means of the broken portion of the lock?

It surely was worth trying, and when Young Wild West undertook such a thing it was safe to say that he would succeed, if there was a possible chance of doing it.

Turning around to the best advantage, he placed a portion of the rope against the broken lock, and then began sawing gently upon it.

After three or four minutes of this sort of work he had the satisfaction of hearing the strands begin to snap.

But he knew that he had a good chance of getting his hands free, and the young deadshot paused and listened.

But no sounds came to his ears whatever.

All was as still as the grave.

Again he resumed his efforts, and five minutes later the thin rope was severed.

As it had been wound about his body and interwoven under his arms and about them several times, he was still not yet free.

But one knot had been made, however, and this meant that it would not take long to do the rest.

Hitching a little of the rope over the door-knob, the boy began walking back and forth, and slowly the rope began to slip.

When it had stretched two or three inches he slipped his left arm from it, and then all he had to do was to steady shake it from him, and he stood there perfectly free as far as using his hands was concerned.

"I reckon I won't stay in here very long now," he muttered under his breath. "The door is locked and the key is on the



other side. But that won't matter. All I have got to do is to move the lock, and then it will be easy."

Nothing had been taken from him save his revolver and hunting knife, and after feeling in his pockets for a moment his hand came in contact with a good-sized penknife, which he had picked up on the battlefield on the French frontier nearly a month before.

Opening the larger blade, Wild proceeded to use it as a screw-driver.

The point snapped off at the first try, but this made it all the better, and in less than three minutes he had removed the screws so the lock slipped around, thus making it easy to open the door.

After listening a minute or two and satisfying himself that everything was all right, he pushed the door gently open.

A strong, musty smell, no doubt caused by tobacco smoke and stale beer, was welcome to his nostrils just then, for it was so different from the oppressive smell in the little room.

Wild stepped out and made his way to a curtained window that was at the left.

Pulling the curtain aside, he looked through and found that there was an alley there.

It was not yet sunrise, as he could readily imagine, but that made no difference.

He tried the window, and finding he could open it, promptly did so.

But before leaving the place he looked around carefully, for he knew that he would probably need a weapon before he could get back to his friends.

Much to his satisfaction, he found his own revolver and knife on a shelf near a half empty whisky bottle.

But more than that.

As many as two dozen cartridges, which had also been taken from him, were lying near it.

It must have been that they would not fit the weapons the French thieves used.

"This is what I call all right," the young deadshot muttered, giving a nod of satisfaction. Of course, Charlie and Jim and the girls no doubt have been doing a lot of worrying over my business. But since I am all right, and will soon be back to them, what's the difference? It's all in the line of a little adventure. If it hadn't struck me that it would be no more than right to help the English cavalryman in his love affair, I wouldn't have been held a prisoner all night in this den."

Then he again turned to the window.

As he did so he happened to notice a small packet of papers on the floor.

This caused him to think of his own valuable documents, and after assuring himself that they were safe in an inner pocket, he picked up the packet and slipped it in another pocket of his coat.

Then he stepped over to the window, which he had left open, and without any hesitation climbed through and dropped lightly into the alley.

This led along the full length of the house to a wooden gate that was fastened by a big padlock.

Wild did not undertake to break the lock, but with a leap he seized the top of the gate, and then pulling himself upward quickly swung over and dropped upon the narrow sidewalk of the street.

The young deadshot did not know where he was, but he knew he was free, and he promptly hastened up the street, and a few minutes later found himself in the close neighborhood of the quarters he had taken for himself and friends during their stay in Verdun.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A WORRYING, PIZZLING TIME FOR WILD'S PARTNERS.

Charlotte Charlie and Jim Dart did not know what to do when they became satisfied that Young Wild West had been captured by the villains who were kidnaping the girl.

The girl was very timid and nervous, and advised them to go to some French or English officer and report the case.

She declared that she was a member of the Red Cross, and that she had visited the building on the other street by appointment, and knowing that it was unoccupied at the time, she even went so far as to help them search for the missing man.

But there were three entrances to cellars that were covered

by iron doors within a short distance of where they had seen him last, and as they were fastened securely, they could not force them.

No sounds were heard.

Apparently there was no living being in any of the houses in that vicinity.

Finally Jim touched the scout on the arm, and said:

"Charlie, I reckon we had better take the young lady's advice. Go and notify some one, so we can force our way into one of these buildings. I'm sure Wild is in one of them, and being held a prisoner by the villains."

The man who had been felled to the sidewalk by the young deadshot was still lying there, but Hop had ascertained almost the first thing that he was dead, his skull having been broken when it struck the sidewalk so heavily.

"If that measly coyote wasn't dead he could tell us something about it, 'cause he sartinly was one of the gang," the scout declared, as he pointed to the stiffening form.

"Ifs don't count just now, Charlie. You stay here. I'll take the lady to a place of safety, and then see what I can do. Don't take your eyes off that building, for I am confident that is the one Wild was taken inside."

"All right. Be as quick as you kin. If anything turns up you kin bet your life I'll do some shootin', for we've got to save him. This is the blamedest mess we've been in in some time. I never allowed to find sich a gang of rascals in this here city."

"Whattie me do, Misler Jim?" Hop Wah asked.

"You stay here with Charlie and help him all you can."

"Allee light. Me do lat velly muchee quicke."

Jim then set out with the girl, and as they reached the nearest corner he suggested that she go to the place where they were stopping and remain until morning.

She was willing to do this, for she declared that she had remained away from the Red Cross quarters so long that she might be regarded with suspicion if she should return now.

Another thing, it was just as well for her to go where our friends were stopping.

Jim learned that her name was Rose Rutland, and that she was the niece of a very rich Englishman who was in Paris.

"My uncle is very enthusiastic over the war, and when I asked permission to join the Red Cross and become a nurse, he willingly granted it," she declared, as they hastened along the street. "But my uncle doesn't know that I have a lover in the person of a gallant sergeant of the Royal Irish Lancers. All this trouble was caused by my keeping an appointment with him at the deserted house to-night."

"It can't be helped now," Jim declared, "so don't worry about the trouble. But I am very sorry that one of my partners disappeared. It looks to me as if it was all planned to kidnap you, and when the villains were frustrated they did the next best thing by taking one of my partners a prisoner. Surely it must have been that very house they meant to take you to, and then probably they would have held you until your uncle was forced to pay them a large sum of money for your release."

"Do you really think it is that way?" the girl asked, somewhat surprised.

"I can't see how it could be any other way."

"But how did they know that my uncle is a very rich man?"

"Don't ask me that question," Jim answered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But they certainly must have known it."

Anxious to get her home, as he called it, as soon as possible, so he might engage the assistance of some one to find Wild, Jim hurried her along pretty fast.

When they finally arrived at the house and entered it, a big surprise was in store for Arietta, Anna and Eloise.

Jim told his story quickly, and then assuring them that Wild would soon be found, he took his departure.

Straight for the headquarters of the nearest encampment of the English cavalry he made his way.

Jim hoped to find the man who had caused all the trouble there, but not knowing his name, he thought it would be difficult to do it.

As luck would have it he found the second lieutenant who had been thrown off the scout that night.

Jim recognized him, and the lieutenant quickly remembered Jim.

"I am in trouble, lieutenant," Dart said, hastily. "You remember me, I see."

"Yes. You are one of the Americans of the Wild West Show."

"That's it exactly. Now then, Young Wild West, the owner and leader of the show, has mysteriously disappeared. A bad



gang has got hold of him and have taken him into a building down another street."

"What's that?"

"I wish you would call the captain, so he can know about it. We must have assistance, and while you are at it I'd like to have you bring to me the cavalryman you were looking for to-night."

"Why—er—what do you want that done for?"

"I'll tell you all about it if you will bring him here."

"Wait a few minutes."

Jim had made up his mind to tell the whole story, even to how the sergeant had visited his sweetheart when he should have gone somewhere else under the orders of his superior.

In about five minutes the captain came up.

He, too, recognized Jim, and greeted him in a very friendly way.

Then it was not long before the lieutenant arrived with the sergeant, who appeared to be very uneasy.

"I don't remember your name, my friend," Jim said, stepping up to the fellow, "but I want to tell you that shortly after you left your sweetheart she was kidnaped by some ruffians who got her through to another street and nearly succeeded in taking her into a vacant building. We happened along and interfered, and they were forced to give her up. But the young fellow with the long hair, who is Young Wild West, got caught by them, and all but one of them got away, going into the building I have just mentioned. One of the gang is dead on the sidewalk before it at this minute."

This was so startling to his hearers that for the space of a full minute they stared at him doubtingly.

Then all sorts of questions were asked by the captain and lieutenant.

Jim answered them readily, and when he asked them to remain silent until he told his story, they did so.

"Doran," the captain said, sternly, as he turned to the sergeant, "your misconduct of to-night has caused a serious difficulty. You will have to answer for it."

"Never mind about that, captain," Jim spoke up. "Don't blame him one bit. It was all in the line of the adventure we were looking for. It hasn't ended yet, but I'm sure it will be all right. Now then, I am going to ask you to help us find Young Wild West."

"And we'll help you willingly."

"Captain," Doran said, almost beseechingly, "let me go with you. I want to make amends for what I have done. Surely if you ever were in love with the sweetest girl on earth you would violate the army rules just for a minute or two. But whether I am excused or not, it matters little. I want to assist in finding the young American who so gallantly came to my sweetheart's rescue."

The captain melted, as Jim could see.

Then he gave his consent for the sergeant to accompany them, ordering him to have six of the regulars come also without delay.

Jim waited patiently, and after what seemed to be quite a long time, though it was but a few minutes, they were ready to follow him to the spot where he had left Cheyenne Charlie and Hop Wah.

When they arrived there they found them crouching close to the building they knew must be the one Wild had been taken in.

The cavalry captain had the power to order the door to be broken in.

But it was nothing but a frail wooden one, so it was soon done.

Then a lantern which had been brought along by one of the men was quickly lighted and they proceeded to make a search of the interior.

There were furnishings to be found in one part of it, while the other had been used for a store, which had been pretty well ransacked.

No signs of a human being could be discovered.

They went on through to the back and into the yard.

"There ain't no use of lookin' around here. It was in a cellar they took Wild, an' I'm dead sartin of it. There wasn't no door what opened. I heard a bang that sounded like an iron door bein' shut," Charlie declared.

"If there's a cellar under the building there must be a means of getting into it from the inside," the captain answered.

Back they went into the house, and after searching about they found a trapdoor in the hallway.

This was easily opened, and when a short flight of steps was disclosed they knew for a fact that there was a cellar there.

Down they went into the very cellar that Wild and been dragged into, but as the villains had not remained there very long, there of course was no one to be seen at this time.

They made a search and came to the rear part of it, where Le Tandler had informed the young deadshot that his friends must pay five thousand francs for his release.

But as the reader knows, Wild had not been detained there very long, but had been conducted through a passage with several turns to the place where he was imprisoned for the night.

The building and cellar under it were not unlike many of the sort to be found in the French cities.

Crooks of all descriptions had their haunts in such places, though it really was somewhat surprising to find an organized band at work in the time of war, for nearly all the population had fled from the city.

It must have been that the passage had a secret door to it which could not be easily found, for after making a thorough search Young Wild West's two partners and those helping them failed to discover them.

Reluctantly they made their way out to the street again.

Then an investigation was made of the dead man, and finally two of the cavalrymen were sent to get a stretcher, so he might be taken from the spot.

"I am sure I don't know what to do," the English cavalry captain said, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he looked at Charlie and Jim. "Will one of you advise me?"

"We'll try the next cellar," the scout answered, quickly. "I'm dead sartin it was a cellar they took Wild into, 'cause, as I said afore, we could hear the bangin' of the iron door when it was shut."

There was nothing better to do, so an entrance was forced to the adjoining building, and a thorough search made, with the result that nothing was discovered.

Then the building on the other side of the right one was searched, but no clue was found to the missing young deadshot.

When they finally went out to the street Charlie and Jim were thoroughly alarmed as well as puzzled.

It was the same with Hop Wah, for even his ready brain could not devise the right thing to do.

The clever Chinnee took to walking up and down the sidewalk, trying his best to figure out something that would assist them.

He walked nearly to the end of the block, and just as he was turning to go back a man stepped from behind a pile of boxes and touched him on the arm.

"Whattée mattee?" Hop exclaimed, in surprise.

Then a piece of paper was thrust in the Chinaman's hand, and back behind the boxes the man disappeared.

Hop held fast to the paper, but did not neglect to leap around and see where the fellow went.

But he was too late, for he was not there.

"Lat velly strange," the Chinaman muttered. "Maybe me better go to Misler Charlie and Misler Jim."

That was the proper thing to do, he thought, so he lost no time in hurrying back to where the two were standing with the cavalry captain and his men.

"Whattée his, Misler Jim?" he said, as he handed the paper to Dart.

"A piece of paper, Hop. What do you mean?" came the quick reply.

"Lat allee light. A man givee me and len gittee away velly muchee quickeke."

"Great gimlets!" the scout exclaimed, when he heard this. "See if there's any writin' on it, Jim. If there is, read it, an' be mighty quick about it."

One of the cavalrymen held the lantern, and then Jim easily read the note, which was the one that Wild had written at the dictation of Le Tandler.

Charlie and Jim were completely amazed.

"It's Wild's writin', all right," the latter declared, as he handed the note to the captain. "But how on earth can we deliver the five thousand francs to the right party, since we don't know where to take it?"

"You mean if we was goin' to do sich a thing as that, Jim," the scout corrected. "You kin bet all you're worth that we don't pay no ransom to git Wild free. The thing to do now is to find out where the measly coyote what give Hop the note went. When we do that we'll find Wild, most likely. Come on, Heathen, show us where you seen Wild last."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie. You comee light us way," and Hop promptly started down the street for the pile of boxes the man had darted behind, only to disappear.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE ACCUSATION OF THE ALLIES.

Anxious to allay the fears of the girls and let his partners know that he was safe, Young Wild West hastened up the street after having located the house they were occupying.

He had almost reached the house when several soldiers of the allied forces came marching down the street.

With them were three officers, and they all looked sharply at the boy, who promptly came to a stop and smilingly bade them good-morning.

The packet of papers Wild had picked up in the room of the house he had escaped from was protruding from the pocket of his buckskin coat.

Having walked rapidly, it had worked its way upward, and just as he stopped it fell from his pocket unnoticed by him.

He was passing on when a French officer noticed what had been dropped by the young American, and quickly ran to pick it up.

The moment his eyes rested upon the papers he gave a startled cry, and proceeded to unfold them.

Two others ran to him, and hearing the excited voices, Wild paused almost directly before the house he had been aiming for, and then looked around.

One of the soldiers dropped a folded blanket upon the ground, and the Frenchman knelt upon it.

"Stop the young American!" came the command from the French captain.

"What is the matter?" came the query.

The officer quickly scanned the papers.

"He is a spy!" he shouted.

"Seize him!" came the order from the captain.

Wild started to run to the spot, but was quickly seized by two soldiers.

"I reckon you fellows are making a mistake," the young deadshot said, coolly, as he permitted himself to be led to his accusers. "I am not a spy, as I can easily prove."

"Here is the evidence of your guilt," the French captain said, laying a finger upon the papers his brother officer had been reading. "This document contains a description of the way the allied forces are situated and their numbers. Of course you meant to get it through the German lines and deliver it to some general."

"You are dead wrong, captain," Wild answered, shaking his head. "I will admit that I dropped that paper, but it was only a short time ago that I picked it up in the rear room of a cafe a short distance from here. I didn't take time to look the papers over, but simply slipped them in my pocket."

"That won't hardly go, young fellow," came from an English lieutenant, who had walked up to the scene. "I have read a little about you, and happen to know that you are on very friendly terms with the Germans. Your Wild West show is located near Berlin now, if I am not mistaken."

"You have got that right, officer," the young deadshot answered, in his cool and easy way. "But when you accuse me of being a spy, you are making a mistake. I am strictly neutral, and so are my friends."

"You will have the chance to prove it. For my part, I wouldn't want to be in your position just now. Even though you are an American, it can hardly save you from being put to death. A spy is a spy, no matter what nationality he is."

"All right, officer. You can have it that way if you like. But don't think for a moment that I am afraid of being shot to death. I will prove my neutrality in this case, and you can bet on it. I won't try to make any further explanation. But as you have placed me under arrest, I suppose I will simply have to go with you. However, I want the liberty to send a message to my friends."

Then the French and English talked excitedly for a few minutes, after which the young deadshot was conducted along the street until he came to the temporary barracks of the soldiers.

Already the battle had been resumed at the front, but nearly half the allied forces were hanging back waiting to be called.

For the second time in the past twelve hours Young Wild West was relieved of his weapons.

Thus time the valuable papers he carried with him were taken from him, too.

They were looked over sharply, but neither the French nor the English officers seemed to regard them as being any further evidence that he was a spy.

The papers he had dropped certainly were, though.

Wild sat down on a stool that a soldier was kind enough to give him and watched and listened to what was going on. It seemed that the general, who must pass upon his case, was not then present.

"You will have to remain here under a guard until your case can be looked into, young fellow," the English lieutenant said, somewhat brusquely.

"That's all right, my friend. But I don't wish to remain here any longer than possible. The fact is I have been away all night and my friends don't know where I am."

"Ah! Trying to get over to the German lines, I suppose, and failed."

"Oh, no. You seem to be a pretty sensible sort of a man, lieutenant. If you will listen to me for a few minutes I will explain my case thoroughly."

"I take it that I am about as sensible as the average American," was the sneering retort.

"That's all right. Don't get mad about it. Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam are pretty friendly, so we'll let it go at that. Now then, just listen to me, and I'll tell you how it happened that I came in possession of those papers."

The Englishman condescended to listen.

He found a camp-stool, and drawing it up close to the boy, permitted him to relate his story in full.

Wild started in from the time he had left the house the night before with his two partners and the clever Chinese.

When he mentioned the name of Doran, the sergeant belonging to the Royal Irish Lancers, the English lieutenant opened wide his eyes and pricked up his ears.

But he did not interrupt the recital, and Wild briefly gave a description of everything that happened up until the present time.

"I must say that your story is a strange one, though it appears to be truthful," the lieutenant said, as he arose to his feet. "I happen to know that there are such bands lurking about in this town as you have described. I have even heard of this fellow Le Taudier, but had no idea that he was in Verdun just now. I was under the impression that he had gone to Paris. But even though I believe your story, the fact that you had those papers in your possession will make it appear that you are guilty."

"All right. There is no use in my saying anything more. But I must request that a message be sent to my friends immediately."

"That shall be granted. I will see to it myself."

"All right. Let me have a pencil and paper."

He was soon supplied with what he asked for, and then a note was written hastily and given to the English lieutenant, who promised to see that it was delivered without delay.

Then all that Wild could do was to sit there and listen to the thunder of the artillery as the battle was being waged with increasing forces.

Troopers came riding up and the bugle calls were so many that they became mixed.

Presently he saw a detachment of the Royal Irish Lancers riding toward the spot to be ready when called upon to advance to the front and make a charge.

Wild quickly arose to his feet, for he recognized the captain and lieutenant he had met the night before.

Without asking leave, he ran to meet them, and just then it happened that the command came for the cavalrymen to halt.

"Hello, captain!" the young deadshot called out, as he ran straight to the officer in command of that division. "I am in trouble. I am accused by the Allies of being a spy. Perhaps you could help me out a bit."

"A spy! Why, surely you are no spy," came the reply.

Then the lieutenant rode around, and after hearing what the young deadshot had to say, he, too, declared that he was sure of his innocence.

One of the men who had been placed as a guard over the young American now placed a hand upon his arm and attempted to pull him back.

"Take it easy, my friend," Wild said, jerking himself free from his grasp. "Don't forget that I am an American citizen, and that I am strictly neutral in this war. I am not going to run away, so don't attempt to treat me like a dog. If you do I won't stand for it."

A word from the cavalry captain caused the soldier to step back instantly.

But just then the command came for the Royal Irish Lancers to move forward, so Wild lost the opportunity that might have hurried along his release.

Meanwhile the English lieutenant had kept his promise.



The message was sent to the house our friends were making their quarters at.

Charlie, Jim and Hop, after making a fruitless search all night long, had just returned, and when the note was received by them it is needless to say that they were filled with joy, even though Wild was held as a prisoner charged with being a spy for the Germans.

The scout and Dart, though thoroughly tired after having spent a sleepless night, hastened to leave the house to go to Wild, and Arietta insisted upon accompanying them.

It was not very far that the three had to go before they came to that part of the camp where Wild was being held a prisoner, and when they saw him sitting rather dejectedly on a camp-stool, they gave a cheer.

The instant he heard their voices the young deadshot leaped to his feet and waved his hat.

Then his sweetheart rushed forward and threw herself in his arms, while the soldiers and officers standing about looked on in silence.

"Where in thunder have you been so long, Wild?" Cheyenne Charlie said, as he gripped the boy's hand in a hearty fashion. "We've been worryin' an awful lot, and we've been huntin' for you all night. If Hop had kept his eyes open a little more we might have found one of the measly coyotes what lugged you off into that cellar. I know blamed well you went in one of them cellars along that street somewhere, but we couldn't find you after lookin' through three of 'em an' huntin' the house that belonged to 'em from top to bottom."

"I certainly was dragged into a cellar, Charlie. That French gang is made up of tough customers, and they are as slippery as eels. But never mind about that just now. What I want is for you to help me get out of this little difficulty. I am being held as a spy, accused by the French and English just because I happen to pick up some papers in the place where I was a prisoner. I am told that in all probability I will be shot to death."

"Huh!" exclaimed the scout, scornfully, as he looked around at the officers and soldiers. "Shot to death, eh? Well, I sorter reckon not. Jest let 'em try somethin' like that. We may be neutral, all right, but when it comes to doin' a thing like that, you'll hear the old bald-headed eagle scream, blamed if you won't. Whoopee, whoopee! Wow, wow, wow! I'm Cheyenne Charlie, an' I was born in old Cheyenne. I'm all wool an' a yard wide, an' don't let anybody say I ain't. Wow!"

The yell that came from the scout's lips alarmed quite a few of the soldiers, for they were not used to hearing such sounds.

Then having become warmed up to it, the scout slipped a hand under his coat and drew forth a silk American flag.

"Here she is!" he shouted, waving it over his head. "This is Old Glory, an' don't you forget it. Any one as says Young Wild West is a spy is a liar. Now then, who's goin' to say it? I kin lick seventeen men in seventeen minutes, an' don't you forget it."

At this half a dozen soldiers, at the command of some one above them, rushed forward and made an attempt to seize the scout.

Biff, biff!

Charlie shot out with his right and left, and sent two of them sprawling upon the ground.

"Whoopee, whoopee!" he yelled, and then he began dancing about, the silk flag in one hand and a big revolver in the other.

"Hold on, Charlie!" Wild commanded, as he sprang toward him. "You are going a little too far. Put that gun away, and put the flag away, too. This is no place for either."

The words of the boy had a wonderful effect upon Charlie.

Probably he would not have listened to any one else living, but when Young Wild West spoke in such a commanding way he always gave in.

"All right, Wild," he said, rather meekly. "Maybe I'm makin' a fool of myself, but don't you think for a minute that any of these English or French kin lay hands on me when I don't want 'em to."

The young deadshot looked around, and when he saw that two or three of the officers were actually smiling slightly, he knew there was little danger of Charlie being made a prisoner.

"Officers," he said, nodding to them. "I must apologize to you for the way my friend has acted. He is a little bit humorous at times, you know."

"He is an American, and that probably explains it," one of the Englishmen said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"He have ze flag what everybody must respect," a French lieutenant declared, showing nothing but admiration.

"That's all right. We know what that flag is. But I want you to thoroughly understand that we are neutral, as I have said before. The business of my being a spy for the Germans is all nonsense. I have told my story, and I am ready to tell it again. Now then, if you really wish to give us Americans a show, some of you will see to it that my case be called without delay."

This had a wonderful effect.

Two of the officers held a consultation, and then it was not long before a general, who was capable of giving a hearing to the charge, was found.

Luckily the Royal Irish Lancers were not ordered to make a charge, but came back to await further orders.

Then the captain and lieutenant our friends had met the night before came up as witnesses.

Wild told his story, and it was corroborated in part by both of them and also by Charlie and Jim.

When it was learned that the notorious rascal, Le Tandier, was the leader of the band that had captured Wild, the general who was acting as judge quickly acquitted the young deadshot of the serious charge, for, as he declared, he knew for a certainty that Le Tandier was doing special work for the German army and being well paid for it.

The papers no doubt belonged to him, he declared.

When Wild was dismissed he thanked them all in his cool and easy way, and then after having received his weapons and the other things that had been taken from him, he set out with his friends to get his breakfast, declaring that he felt little the worse for the stirring adventure of the night.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOP CAPTURES LE TANDIER.

When Young Wild West and his sweetheart and two partners got back to the house they had rented they found Rose Rutland, the English girl nurse of the Red Cross, waiting with Anna and Eloise.

When Charlie, Jim and Hop came in after their fruitless search of the night the girl was asleep, and as it happened that the message from Wild arrived at that very moment, they did not even think of her.

But now that they saw her there they were more than pleased, and Wild was quickly introduced.

He listened attentively to the girl's story.

"Well, Et," he said, turning to his sweetheart, "I reckon my little adventure has a sort of romance connected with it, eh?"

"It seems so, Wild," Arietta answered, smilingly.

"All right, I am rather glad of it. I shall see to it that Doran gets a little more time off, so he can do his courting without getting folks into trouble."

The English girl blushed a rose-red at this.

"I can see that you think a lot of the sergeant," the young deadshot went on, making out that he was very serious. "I take it that he is but a poor man, and the fact you that you are an heiress will make it all right. But how about your uncle? Would he think of permitting you to wed your lover?"

"I—I don't know," was the reply. "My uncle is very ardent in this war that is going on. He is spending his money freely to do all he can in giving a crushing defeat to the Kaiser. I—I really think, though," she faltered, as her eyes turned to the floor, "that if—if the sergeant were to do anything that would distinguish himself, even if only a little, my uncle would look with favor upon him."

"Ah, I see. He likes heroes, then."

"Yes," she answered, eagerly.

"Have you told the sergeant about this?"

"Oh, yes. But you can rest assured that there is not a drop of cowardly blood in the sergeant's veins. He will risk his life at any time in defense of his country."

"Well, gal," Cheyenne Charlie said, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I just hope that Sergeant Doran don't get shot full of holes."

The girl's face paled at this.

"Don't mention such a thing," she declared. "I don't want I must leave you. I must get back to the Red Cross quarters, so I can attend to my duties."

"After breakfast," Arietta spoke up. "Don't be in a hurry. We'll accompany you there, and if there is any question raised regarding your absence, we will soon settle it."



Hop was sound asleep in his room, but Anna did not mind that for she had already started in the preparations for the morning meal.

Having plenty of provisions on hand, it was an easy matter to cook them, so in less than half an hour all hands sat down and ate their breakfast.

Then Rose Rutland insisted upon going to the Red Cross quarters without delay.

"We'll go with her, Wild," Arietta declared. "If they are short of nurses, I'll enlist my services for a short time."

"And so will I," Anna spoke up.

"Of course that means that I will, too," Eloise added.

"We helped the Red Cross a whole lot once before," Wild said, thoughtfully. "I reckon we may as well do the same thing again, since we are neutral and mustn't take part in the fighting. We'll go over with Miss Rutland and see how things are. If there is a scarcity of help, I reckon we can mighty soon enlist our services."

It was quickly decided that all should leave the house.

Hop was asleep, but none of them thought it possible that there would be any prowlers to come about during their absence.

But that very thing is just what happened.

They had not gone more than a hundred feet from the house after Wild had locked the door than a man slipped from behind a stoop next door and cautiously stepped along until he came to the steps.

Then he waited and, seeing that the coast was clear, quickly ascended and with a skeleton key started to unlock the door.

Evidently he had the right sort of an implement, and knew how to use it, for in less than two minutes the door was opened.

If Wild had been there to see him he would have recognized the villain Le Tandler, for such it was.

"Aha!" the man exclaimed, under his breath, while his eyes twinkled with delight. "They can't fool me. If I can't get the money I will have revenge. Already the wonderful American deadshot, as they call him, has been accused by the Allies of being a spy. He has become freed in some manner that I don't know. But wait. The Germans will next accuse him, and then maybe he will be shot. That will be my revenge."

He carefully shut the door without locking it, and then stealthily went from room to room, until he came to the living apartments of our friends.

If he knew there was a Chinaman belonging to the party he must have forgotten it, for he took it for granted that there was no one in the house but himself at that moment.

However, he had taught himself in his long career of villainy to be cautious in all his acts, and he moved about without making much noise.

What he wanted to find was some of the wearing apparel of Young Wild West.

Naturally the young deadshot and his friends all had duplicate garments of the Wild West attire, and when Le Tandler finally came upon a fancy buckskin coat that was trimmed with scarlet silk fringe, he knew he had found what he was looking for.

Then he drew from his pocket a large envelope that no doubt contained some papers.

With a pencil he wrote upon the envelope in German the following:

"Should this be found it must be delivered to the Kaiser or one of his responsible generals without delay.

"Young Wild West, a friend of Emperor Wilhelm."

The villain smiled in delight as he read the inscription on the envelope, and then he carefully stuck it in an inner pocket of the buckskin coat, even going to the trouble of fastening it there with a safety pin.

"Ha!" he muttered, in his French, as he turned back and looked about the cosy apartment. "The Americans have it really fine here. But wait. The great young showman fooled me in getting a ransom for the Red Cross nurse, and he escaped after I had him confined, as I thought securely. But my turn will come now. I may not get the money, but I'll get the sweet revenge."

He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he spoke louder than he thought; but as this had been stated before, he fully thought he was the only one in the house.

But Hop happened to wake just before the fellow began expressing himself aloud.

Naturally the strange voice roused the Chinaman to his

full senses, and quickly getting out of bed, he pulled on his outer clothing and slipped from his room.

Stealthily he walked along the hallway until he came to the partly opened door.

Then when he peered in and saw the Frenchman standing there, he knew right away that a thief had entered the house.

Naturally he would think the stranger to be such, though, as is known, it was not the intention of Le Tandler to take anything.

Hop had not neglected to pick up his old-fashioned revolver when he arose from the bed he was sleeping upon.

While it was not loaded with bullets, it certainly was a formidable-looking weapon, and he knew it was just as valuable to him now as if it were able to put a hole through the man.

Without making the least sound, he pulled the revolver from under his blouse and then giving the door a sudden pull, stood in full view before the intruder.

"Hands uppee!" he exclaimed, as he leveled the weapon at Le Tandler. "Me gottee you dead to lights."

If the ceiling had tumbled in upon him the villain could not have been more astonished.

He gave a gasp of dismay and staggered back a pace, and then as if by magic his feet appeared to have become rooted to the floor.

"Misler Lobber," Hop said, somewhat mockingly, "maybe you wantee die. Me velly smartee Chinee. Me shootee muchee stlaight, allee samee Young Wild West, the gleet Melican deadshot."

"Ha!" exclaimed Le Tandler. "Vat is ze matter?"

"You findee outtee velly muchee quicke, if you no holdee uppee you hands," came the reply.

Up went the villain's hands.

Hop now changed the weapon to his left hand.

Then the next thing the astounded intruder saw was a coil of silk rope which the Chinaman pulled from one of his pockets with astonishing quickness.

Hop's hand flew out and a sound like the snap of a whip followed.

Then Le Tandler felt as if he was choking.

The silk cord had snapped about his neck and wound several times around it.

This was a new trick that Hop had been taught by a Frenchman he had become on friendly terms with something like a month previous.

The rope, which was made almost entirely of silk, had lead at the end, and when it was thrown out with a snap it would wind about anything it came in contact with, and for the moment be secure.

Naturally enough the villain dropped his hands and grabbed at his throat as if to loosen the rope.

But Hop made a leap and went around him, and then the arms were pinned to the man's side.

Another quick swing and there was a double cord about him.

Then Hop put away his gun and in a twinkling he had secured Le Tandler so that he was utterly helpless.

The fact was he could hardly breathe, so tight was the cord about his neck.

But Hop was not going to let it be that way.

He quickly loosened that end of it, and then made a double knot, fixing the man's hands so that he could just about move the fingers and that was all.

"Me velly smartee Chinee," he said, nodding his head approvingly, as he looked at the result of his cleverness. "You wantee lob um house, so be. Me ketchee you before you startee."

"You are ze demon," cried Le Tandler, who was now somewhat calm, though of course very much upset over the sudden turn of affairs.

"Lat allee light, Misler Frenchman. Maybe me um demon, so be, but me velly smartee, allee samee. Me keepee you till Young Wild West come. Len maybe you gittee shotee."

As he said this the Chinaman stepped forward, and giving the fellow a push, swung him about into a chair which was almost directly behind him.

"You gettee down, so be," he said, commandingly.

There was nothing else for the man to do but to obey, so Hop quickly stepped across the room and seized a lariat that was hanging from a hook upon the wall.

This belonged to the party, of course, and was one of the very serviceable sort.

It came in handy for Hop just then, and in a very short time he had secured his prisoner to the chair.



As he finished up by making a secure knot about one of his ankles, he arose to an upright position and said:

"Now ten, maybe me takee lillee washee and havee something to eattee, so be. Me stay outtee allee night, and me no feelee velly muchee good."

Then he started to humming some sort of an air of his native country, and paying no more attention to his prisoners, proceeded to get something to eat.

There was a fire in the stove, and there was more than enough coffee in the kettle that set upon the back of it.

Hop opened the draught, and putting the coffee on to heat up a little, he set about to frying some eggs.

"You havee you breakfast, my friend?" he said, smiling pleasantly at the helpless Frenchman.

"You let me go, M'sieur Chinee, and I'll pay you well," came from Le Tandier, somewhat pleadingly.

"How muchee you pay?" Hop asked, as he sprinkled a little salt on the eggs he had broken into the frying-pan.

"I'll give you one hundred francs."

"Lat not velly muchee, so be. Me gottee plenty money now. Maybe me no wantee some more money."

Then Hop paused long enough in his cooking to display a handful of gold and some bank-notes.

The sight of so much money caused the eyes of the villain to open in astonishment.

"Me velly muchee lich, so be. Me gottee uncle in China whatee gottee sixty-seven million dollee, so be. He givee me plenty money," explained Hop, as he put away the gold and bank-notes.

This must have thoroughly convinced the prisoner that it would be useless for him to try and bribe the Chinaman.

But he seemed to think that threats might answer his purpose, for he soon began to tell the story that he had friends outside who would surely come in and look for him if he failed to appear after a certain length of time.

"Lat allee light," Hop remarked, when he understood what he said. "Me fixee if ley come. Me velly smartee Chinee."

Then he flourished the big revolver in the man's face.

Not knowing for sure that there might not be some one close by to come and look for the fellow, Hop cooked his eggs, and after pushing back the frying-pan, left the room and proceeded along the hallway to the front door.

Finding it was not locked, he promptly fastened it with a duplicate key, which he had in his possession.

Then he returned, and without taking any notice of his prisoner at all, sat down and coolly ate his breakfast.

When he had finally finished he arose and proceeded to clear away the remains of the repast, for he knew very well it would not do for him to leave things in an untidy state.

He had no idea where Wild and the rest had gone, and when he had cleaned up the apartments so there were no signs of his having cooked a late breakfast, he became somewhat uneasy.

He waited for fully half an hour, and then feeling sure that his prisoner could not possibly escape, he made his way to the front door, which was unlocked.

Out into the street he went, and looked up and down, hoping to see Wild or some other member of the party.

It happened that troops were being rushed along through the street at the time to reinforce the tired fighters at the front.

The Chinaman sat on the little front stoop and watched them until they had passed.

Then along came an English soldier who had his left arm in a sling.

This man had no doubt been wounded recently, but not severe enough to prevent him from strolling about.

"Hello, my friend!" Hop called out, smilingly. "You comee here lillee while."

"What is it, Mr. Chinee?" the soldier asked, in surprise.

"Me allee samee gottee plisoner in um house."

The man was not long in ascending the steps, and then Hop quickly conducted him to where Le Tandier sat helpless in the chair.

He explained to the soldier how he had surprised and captured the burglar, and then having nothing else to do, the man agreed to remain with him until his friends returned.

Hop now felt a great deal better, and he decided to do something that would make the time pass pleasantly.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VILAINOUS FRENCHMAN PAYS THE PENALTY.

Le Tandier, though a hardened criminal and lacking fear as a rule, evidently felt that his case was hopeless when the clever Chinee brought in the English soldier.

He did not say a word until the Chinaman had related how he had so successfully made the capture.

Then fixing his eyes upon the soldier, he said appealingly:

"You are a good and noble Englishman, and are one great friend to France."

"Maybe you're right, Frenchy," was the indifferent reply. "But don't put me down as being a friend to a burglar. I am an honest man, born in Cornwall and taught by my mother to always live right and be honest."

"But you are one poor man, maybe," and Le Tandier looked at him still more appealingly.

"Never had more than twenty pounds of my own at one time in all my life."

"Well, then, maybe if you had a thousand francs you would be happy."

"Maybe I would."

"If you will promise to let me go I will send you where you get a thousand francs. When you come back you untie me and I will go away."

"Say, Mr. Chinee, what would a thousand francs amount to in good English money?" the soldier asked, looking at Hop but at the same time winking to show that he had no notion of complying with the request.

"Um franc allee samee 'boutee twenty-five cents in Melican money" Hop answered, after thinking a moment. "Four francs makee pletty near one dollee. Fivee dollee in Melican money makee lillee more lan um pound in English money. Maybe um thousand francs not velly muchee money, so be."

"Maybe it ain't. But it wouldn't make no difference if he offered me a millon francs. I am an Englishman through and through, and I am fighting for my country and helping France to whip the Kaiser. I can't be bribed."

This was a damper upon the prisoner, but he began pleading more earnestly than ever.

It was a great story he told the two for the next five minutes.

He said he was the sole support of a widowed mother, and had seven or eight brothers and sisters who were starving.

If he was turned over to the authorities it would mean death to them all.

But Hop and the soldier merely laughed at this, and finally he became so exasperated that he began cursing them roundly in his best French.

"Misler Soldier," Hop said, after there came a lull in the business. "maybe you likee havee lillee dlink of tanglefoot."

"Mr. Chinee, I don't know what you mean when you say tanglefoot, but if you could find a little gin about the premises it would come in very handy just about now. I like a little gin occasionally, but mostly I prefer Burton ale. I haven't had a taste of that since I crossed the Channel. It is wine, and plenty of it, to be found in this country of France. Wine is all right at times, of course. You haven't got any good old Burton on the premises, have you?"

Hop shook his head in the negative.

"Me gottee velly goodee tanglefoot, so be," he said.

"I'll try it if you don't mind."

"Allee light."

Then the Chinaman slipped out of the room for a minute or two, and quickly returned with a pint flask of whisky.

There were plenty of places throughout Europe where such liquor could be purchased, and Hop was sure to find them if any one could.

The result was that he always had a pretty good supply on hand, and just about that time he had nearly a gallon bottle secreted in his room.

Two cups were taken from the cupboard in the kitchen, and then the Englishman was given a taste of the liquor.

"That's bloom'n' good stuff," he declared, smacking his lips after he had partaken of a swallow. "So this is what you call tanglefoot. Is that made in China?"

"Lat allee samee velly goodee Melican dlink," so be. "You ever been to Melica?"

"No. But I mean to go there some time. I have got relatives over there making plenty of money. Now and then they come back and tell us all about the great new country across the Atlantic. Some day when the war is over I think I'll go over and visit my relatives. Then I'll buy this stuff you call tanglefoot every time I want a good drink."

"Havee lillee more, my soldier friend," Hop said, smiling pleasantly.

"Thank you, Mr. Chinee. You are certainly the finest pig-tailed gent I ever met."

Hop was just about in the humor to indulge a little himself, so he kept on taking a swallow now and then with the soldier, until the flask was emptied.



Then he went and got another flask.

As the soldier had imbibed twice as much as he did, and was somewhat weakened from the loss of blood that had been caused by the wound he had received in battle, he was about ready to go to sleep before the second installment of whiskey was finished.

He was very attentive, however, at times, and each time Hop saw he was about to drop off he would cheer him up by giving him a dig in the ribs.

Just about an hour had passed after Hop had succeeded in making Le Tandler a prisoner when the front door opened.

The clever Chinese immediately ran to see who it was coming, and when he recognized Cheyenne Charlie and Anna as they came into the hall, he nodded pleasantly and called out:

"Velly nice morning, so be. Comee light in."

"What have you been up to, heathen?" the scout demanded, for he knew right away that Hop had been drinking.

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie. Me gottee lillee company, so be. You comee light in. Evelythling allee light."

Charlie and Anna hurried into the living-room, and when they saw the prisoner tied securely to the chair and the drunken soldier sitting near him, they were amazed.

"What in thunder does this mean?" the scout demanded, looking angrily at the grinning Chinaman.

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie. Me ketchee um lobber velly muchee quicke, so be. Len me finde um soldier and he comee in to stay with me. Evelythling allee light. Me velly smartee Chinee."

"Caught a robber, did you?" and Charlie turned and looked sharply at the prisoner.

"It is one great mistake," Le Tandler spoke up, appealingly. "I am no robber."

"It that so?" the scout answered, sneeringly. "Don't think I'll take your word for it, you measly coyote. If Hop says you're a robber, I'll bet my last dollar that he tells the truth. He ain't in the habit of lyin' in sich cases as this."

"Lat light, Misler Charlie. Me tellee you allee 'boutee."

Then in his own way the Chinaman related how he had awakened just in time to hear the intruder talking to himself, and what followed.

Charlie forgot all about Hop's condition, for he figured that it was quite a streak of luck in having left him asleep in the house.

"Hop, you're a blamed smart heathen, an' it's all right. I don't care if you did bring in that soldier with the wounded arm an' git him drunk. This galoot would have cleaned us out of about everything we had with us worth while. A sneak thief, that's what he is."

Le Tandler protested that he was not a thief but an honest man, but Charlie would not listen to him.

"Where Misler Wild and Misler Jim and Missee Arietta and Missee Eloise?" Hop asked, turning to Anna.

"They are over at the Red Cross headquarters," was the reply. "Arietta and Eloise are going to do some service today, and Wild and Jim also. But Wild will be here presently."

"He'll be around mighty quick, 'cause I'm goin' to go after him right now, gal," the scout spoke up. "You stay right here. That drunken soldier ain't goin' to hurt you, 'cause he's sound asleep. Hop, you stay, too."

Then after satisfying himself that the prisoner was bound so there was no possible chance of freeing himself, Cheyenne Charlie hurriedly left the house.

He went to the building that was occupied by the Red Cross people, and found Wild talking with the chief physician in charge.

He quickly called him aside and related what had happened at the house, and then much amazed, the young deadshot excused himself and went out with him.

Charlie told him briefly all that Hop had related, and he laughed outright as he mentioned the drunken soldier.

When they got to the apartments things were just about the same as the scout had left them.

"There he is, Wild," Charlie said, pointing to the prisoner, who was sitting with his face turned toward the door.

"By Jingo!" came from the young deadshot's lips as he started back in surprise. "This is indeed remarkable. Why, Charlie, that fellow is the leader of the gang that captured me last night. His name is Le Tandler."

"You're right!" the scout cried, throwing up both hands. "We would have thought it, Wild?"

"So you probably. But it is true, nevertheless. Good-morning, Monsieur Le Tandler. I hope you are feeling well." The boy said this mockingly, and the prisoner winced.

"I have turned the tables, I see," the young deadshot went

on, in his cool and easy way. "You thought you had me dead to rights, and were foolish enough to go away and leave me alone in the room after forcing some sort of a drug into it which caused me to go to sleep last night. But an American boy can find a way to help himself. Probably you are still wondering how I managed to get the rope from my hands. I don't mind telling you, Le Tandler. I cut the rope by sawing it against the broken lock that happened to be on the door of my little prison. The rest was easy."

The Frenchman's face darkened.

It was evident that he was boiling with rage, even though he knew he was helpless and bound to suffer the penalty of his crime.

"Charlie," Wild said, after thinking for a moment. "I reckon I'll go out and try and find some one who will be very glad to see this fellow. It happens that he is a well-known criminal, and is regarded as a spy by the Germans. The paper I was foolish enough to pick up this morning and put in my pocket no doubt belonged to him. He got me in a heap of trouble, but I got out of it all right, so now he shall get his share of it. Of course the chances are he will be shot between now and sunrise to-morrow morning, and if he is I must say that he will get his just deserts."

"Go ahead, Wild. I'll stay right here, an' you kin bet your life he'll be right where he is when you come back."

The young deadshot nodded, and then soon left the house.

More soldiers were coming all the time on their way to the front lines.

From the way things had been progressing since the early morning, it was more than evident that the Allies were holding their own.

The Germans were not advancing any, and the heavy artillery kept booming all the while along the line.

It took Wild until nearly noon before he came to a general of the English forces, who knew something about the villain Le Tandler.

Then it was but a few minutes before a French general was found and a detachment of soldiers was ordered to go and get the prisoner.

Wild accompanied them to the house, of course, and when he realized that his doom was about complete, Le Tandler cringed and begged for mercy.

But it was little mercy that he could expect from the hardened fighters of the Allies.

Roughly he was dragged away, and once the house was rid of him Wild inquired for the English soldier who had become intoxicated through the kindness of Hop.

"We allowed that the best thing we could do would be to put him to bed, so he's in Hop's bed sound asleep," Charlie explained.

"Lat allee light, Misler Wild," the clever Chinese spoke up. "Me takee velly goodee care of um Englishman.. He velly nicee man, so be. He likee Melican tanglefoot, and me likee him."

"All right, Hop," the young deadshot answered, smilingly. "You look after him. I reckon we'll go and attend to the business we have engaged in."

The rest of the day the young deadshot and his friends put in valiant work in helping to aid the wounded as they were brought in from the battle lines.

Shortly after sunset, when they were resting after the work they had done, a messenger came from the headquarters of the commanding general, informing them that Le Tandler had been duly shot as a spy, thus paying the penalty of the crimes he was responsible for.

But nobody dreamed of such a thing as a paper having been placed in the coat pocket of the young deadshot, which surely would get him into trouble if it happened to be discovered by any of the German forces.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GERMANS ARE FORCED TO RETREAT.

The firing along both battle lines ceased after sunset, and there was a general feeling of relief throughout Verdun.

Young Wild West and his friends retired early that night, but were up at daylight.

Since Arietta and Eloise were to act in the capacity of Red Cross nurses, it was necessary for them to get around as soon as possible.

Just as breakfast was ready Hop Wah came in.

"Velly nicee morning, so be," he said, smiling pleasantly.



Then he saw the Red Cross garments the two girls had donned, and he became greatly interested.

"Me wantee be um Led Closs nurse, too, so be," he said, turning to Wild.

"All right, I reckon you can easily get a job. All you have to do is to offer your services for nothing. Maybe you had better put on woman's clothing, though."

"Lat allee light, Mister Wild. Me velly smartee Chinee. Me helpee velly muchee, so be."

They all knew that he could be of great assistance if he chose to, so were not opposed to him going to the headquarters with them.

Right after breakfast Wild and Jim left the house with Arletta and Eloise.

When they got outside they soon found that Hop was following them, which meant that he really wanted to be of service.

When they reached the building that was occupied by the Red Cross members they were just in time to hear that the Allies had started to advance upon the opposing Germans, hoping to put them to flight.

The heavy cannonading was in full swing, but they had heard so much of it that it was hardly noticeable to them until they heard the new report.

"I reckon we have got to get out to the firing line, Jim," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way. "We'll lend a hand the same as we did yesterday, and we'll have a chance to see much of the battle."

"Charlie will certainly want to go, too," Jim answered, thoughtfully.

"Then of course Anna won't want to remain at the house."

"I'm sure she would act as a nurse, too," Arletta spoke up. "But maybe there is no room."

"What's that?" the man in charge spoke up. "There is plenty of room for those who will volunteer their services. Yesterday the carnage was awful, and I presume it will be still worse to-day. War is a terrible thing, and it is for us to do all we can to assist in helping the wounded."

"I'll go back to the house and tell Charlie and Anna about it," Jim observed, as he turned to the door.

"All right; we'll wait for you."

He came back in about half an hour, accompanied by the scout and his wife, who were both willing to the new arrangements, so it was not long before the three girls were among the other nurses, ready to go out to the front when the call came.

While those connected with the Red Cross seldom rode horseback, Wild and his partners had no difficulty in getting permission to use their own horses, so shortly after the girls departed in the big automobiles, they rode from the stable and followed.

Wild now had in his possession a powerful field glass, and the fact that smokeless powder was used entirely by the opposing forces would make it possible for him to see what was going on at a very long distance.

"Boys," he said, as they were nearing the lines of the allied forces, "I reckon we'll have a chance to see something to-day that we never saw before."

"We've seen enough already," Jim declared, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But there's a fascination about it, just the same, and I'll admit that I am anxious to have a look at the battle as it progresses."

It was nearly nine o'clock when they passed through the rear lines of the French and English.

The Red Cross members had established a temporary quarters on the side of a big stone building a mile or two down to the left, and already the work of rescuing the wounded was going on.

Wild knew pretty well that there must be another Red Cross division located on the German side.

But it mattered not what nationality the wounded might be.

Both divisions would look after them, for they were there for that humane purpose.

During the night trenches had been dug by the Allies, and they had succeeded in advancing about five hundred yards.

But the Germans were putting up a stubborn resistance, having not moved back a bit.

With the heavy cannon hidden behind them, the Allies must have felt that they would be well supported.

While no news of an intended assault upon the camp had come to his ears, Young Wild West felt satisfied that a daring attempt to drive back the enemy and put them to rout would be made before the day was over.

He was right in this, too, for it was barely two hours

after they got there when the guns on the hill at the side of the city began booming harder than ever.

Shells were sent high into the air, so they might drop into the ranks of the German foe.

The din was terrific but right in the midst of it a long line of soldiers suddenly arose and started in full swing direct for the German front.

They were infantry, and must have numbered thousands.

A big bunch of the French, among them being a division of Algerians, ran forward, dropping to their knees and firing, only to rise and proceed further.

The musketry began rattling from the other side, and many of them went down.

But the broken lines quickly filled up, for it seemed that for every man who fell two were ready to take his place.

Wild and his partners had taken their station on a little hill not far from the Red Cross headquarters.

While they might be in some danger in case a shell came that way and bursted, they did not seem to think so just then.

The powerful field was brought into play, and then they looked in turn at what was going on.

Steadily the Allies forced their way ahead, and just when they were within five hundred yards of the deadly German line, all the available cavalry that was in Verdun at the time suddenly burst into view, and with a dash that was bound to excite admiration and make one forget all about the terrors of war, the horses galloped forward to win or die.

It happened that a division near them was composed mainly of the Royal Irish Lancers of the British.

Wild could even recognize the captain he had become acquainted with on the night of his adventure with the French kidnapers.

When he saw him he thought of Doran, the sergeant who was the lover of Rose Rutland, the English girl.

But just then he could not pick him out.

"Boys," he said, "that is something that might be called grand. Those fellows surely know no fear. Just look at them."

"And look at them niggers what's with the French further along the line, Wild," Charlie exclaimed. "They're actin' just as if they're ready to eat fire."

On thundered the cavalry, the heavy guns pounding away far in their rear to keep the enemy in check and assist them on their mad rush to victory.

It was a clear, calm day.

The blue sky overhead never looked more peaceful and serene.

But the banging of the artillery and the cracking of the thousands of rifles made it hideous, as some might say.

However, our friends were deaf to all these terrible sounds.

They were watching the brilliant charge of the allied forces.

Just as the mounted forces came up with the infantry, which under perfect discipline, forming so that they could go on through and take the lead, a big body numbering probably four thousand German mounted troopers came forth to meet them.

Carbines were quickly thrown aside, and swinging their sabers, the two forces galloped determinedly toward each other.

When they met a thrill shot through Young Wild West.

Horses and men went down by the hundreds, but yet it seemed that there were enough to take their places.

Back the Germans were forced for a short distance.

Then a bare hundred of them suddenly re-formed and galloped straight for the Royal Irish Lancers.

In less than two minutes the young deadshot saw the flag of that division taken by a daring cavalryman who, dauntling it over his head regardless of the fact that he might be shot down in a second, turned and rode for the German lines.

Then something happened that caused the young deadshot to give a violent start.

Out from the ranks of the Lancers a single horseman was dashing away.

He was bare-headed and was swinging his sword with a deadly determination that surely meant to do or die.

His horse was the fleetest, and hot after the man carrying the captured flag he rode.

Finding that he was liable to be overtaken before he got to a place of safety, the German cavalryman suddenly turned and opened fire with his revolver.

Then as the member of the Irish division swung around Wild got a good look at his face through the glass.



"That's so," he exclaimed. "Boys, that fellow is Doran, the brave Irish sergeant of the Red Cross. Just look at him." The boys gave Charlie and Jim each a brief chance to look, and then they passed the glass to his eyes. "Doran, but surely it was he, was firing at the German cavalry,"

Strange to say, neither of them seemed to get in the way of the bullets that were hurtling through the air from both sides.

The aim of the two must have been bad, for the next moment the young deadshot noticed was that the two horses were almost squarely together.

Then the heavy swords of both swung through the air, and a second later the German was unhorsed, falling with the captured flag still in his grasp.

But Doran evidently had come to retake the flag, and disappearing with wonderful quickness, he seized it, and then waving himself into the saddle.

Off he went galloping to the allied lines, waving the flag in triumph over his head.

Velley after velley was fired at him from the Germans, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, and when Wild saw him finally reach a safe place he breathed a sigh of relief, and handing the glass to Charlie, said:

"That was one of the greatest things I ever saw. The English girl said her uncle loved heroes. I reckon when he hears about Doran's dash straight for the enemy, and the reclaiming of the captured flag, he will think he's all right. We have got to see that fellow as soon as possible, boys."

"I reckon we'll each have to git a glass, Jim. We missed a lot of that," the scout said, nodding to Dart.

"It's all right, Charlie. Wild was so interested in what he was looking at that he forgot all about it."

"That's so, boys," and the young deadshot laughed lightly. The next time I'll see to it that you have as much chance as I do. But there are plenty more glasses to be obtained. It won't be a bad idea for each of you to have one."

Meanwhile the Allies were getting considerably the best of it.

The German cavalry was forced back, but when it came to a charge from the Allies, it was different.

Not an inch did the Kaiser's men move from their positions, but made the charge valiantly.

Attack after attack was made, but the resistance was so great that at length the rapidly thinning forces of the attacking party were forced to retreat for shelter.

"They got the worst of it that time, Wild," the scout declared, after he had taken a look at the scene. "But I reckon them fellows of the Kaiser's sartinly had all they could do."

"They are not through yet, Charlie," was the young deadshot's reply. "Look over there."

Far along the right of the line another charge was being made by the cavalry that had been held in reserve.

The horses swung around, forming a loop, and actually dashed right into the German soldiers, leaping the trenches as well as they could.

Then as Wild took a look through the glass the forces in their path began to waver.

Back they went, permitting a wide gap in the lines, and through it dashed the cavalymen.

Boom, boom!

The big guns on the heights behind the Allies banged fiercely now, and having got the right range, the shells dropped among the retreating Germans, creating fearful havoc.

Then another attack was made right in the center.

But this was repulsed with fearful loss on both sides.

But plenty of troops were at the command of the allied generals, and as a body numbering about five thousand suddenly advanced from a hidden position less than a mile from where our friends were located, it seemed as if the battle was to be won.

The terrific onslaught they made caused the Germans to retreat all along the line, while the body of the brave cavalymen who had made the big gap swung around and got back to a place of safety with remarkably small loss.

"That's the time the Kaiser got it, Wild," Charlie remarked. "The whole thing has happened in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!" Jim spoke up. "Why, we have been standing here full two hours."

"It didn't seem as long as that," Charlie declared. "I never knew time pass so quick in my life."

Once they got the Germans in full retreat, the Allies stopped Doran upon them and succeeded in getting several big guns as well as taking over two thousand prisoners.

But there was a good stand for them two or three miles

back, and the big German army retreated to it, after which there came a lull in the fighting.

Now was the time for the Red Cross to get in its work, and when they saw the wagons and automobiles conveying the doctors, nurses and necessary supplies, our friends went back to where they had left their horses, and mounting, rode out to assist them.

It was the same old thing.

They forgot all about the horrors of blood, and did their level best, working until sunset.

The French and English seemed to be well satisfied with the result of the day's work, and did not strive to gain any further advantage.

The same trenches that had been used by the Germans in their advance were now in possession of the Allies.

Thus a big gain had been made after two days of hard fighting.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ACCUSED BY THE GERMANS.

Though pretty well tired out, Young Wild West and his partners decided to go and look up Doran, the brave Irish sergeant, and have a talk with him over his heroic act of the day.

They got something to eat about eight o'clock, and then finding the girls, got them to accompany them, and were not long in finding the camp of the Royal Irish Lancers.

Wild was not long in learning where Doran was, and when he came upon him the captain and lieutenant he had made the acquaintance of previously were with him.

The gallant sergeant was being made a hero of by his companions.

The flag he had succeeded in taking from the Germans who had captured it was there as a trophy.

"How are you, Doran?" the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way, as he stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Why, it's Young Wild West!" came the quick reply. "I'm awful glad to meet you. See that flag? I——"

"That's all right, sergeant. I saw your brave act and I congratulate you on being a real hero."

"Oh, don't say that," and the man's face turned red. "I have been hearing a whole lot of that sort of stuff. But you know," he added, looking more serious, "when I saw that big Dutchman ride up and take that flag, I made up my mind to get it from him. I didn't ask permission, but I just put my horse at his best and started for him. Something seemed to tell me that I was bound to succeed, and that I would escape the bullets of the enemy. I got it, and I'm proud of it."

"I reckon there's another who will be mighty proud when she hears it."

The sergeant blushed.

"I hope so," he said.

"And probably her uncle will, too," Wild went on, smilingly.

"Oh, you know something about that part of it, eh?"

"Yes, Miss Rutland has told our girls all about it."

"Well, I hope the old man does appreciate it. Anyhow, I am willing to do the same thing over again. I am here to fight the foe, and I am going to do it. But I am only one of many men who were born in Ireland."

Cheyenne Charlie, who was a great admirer of heroism in all forms, suddenly took off his hat and shouted:

"Three cheers for Sergeant Doran!"

Then though it might have been against the discipline, nearly every man within his hearing broke into a rousing cheer, and Doran was forced to bow his acknowledgments.

"It was an awful night, Young Wild West," the captain said, a few minutes later, as he took the young deadshot by the arm and led him toward his tent. "It seems almost a miracle that more than half our men did not go down. But the loss was comparatively small, though I feel sorry for the brave lads who met death so valiantly."

"Can't be helped, I suppose, captain," Wild answered, with a shake of the head. "When war is raging death is always hovering. But what do you think about the outcome of this?"

"From what little I know, and what I have seen of the situation to-day, I imagine that the Kaiser will be a long time in capturing this city. Anyhow, we won't stop until we drive the foe back to their own country. That is the orders all along the line, and we'll keep on that way if it takes two years to do it."

"And the Germans are just as determined to force their



way to the English Channel. "Well," and Wild shook his head. "It rather looks to me as if this war is going to last much longer than a great many anticipated at the start."

"Of course it will. There is no use in speaking lightly of the great forces and military discipline of the Germans. They have long been preparing for war, and that gives them a big advantage. They will fight to the bitter end, for it is undoubtedly the ambition of the Kaiser to whip all Europe before he's done."

After having distinguished himself so greatly, it was a rather easy matter for Doran to get leave for the balance of the night, and while Wild was talking with the captain, he came forward and said:

"I am going over to the Red Cross headquarters, Young Wild West. There is some one there who will no doubt be glad to see me."

"You bet she will," the young deadshot answered. "We'll go with you. Good-night, captain. Good-night, lieutenant," and after saluting the two officers, Wild turned and joined Charlie, Jim and the girls, who were but a short distance away and waiting for them.

Just where Hop was no one seemed to know.

He had started in to assist the doctors and nurses, but not since the middle of the afternoon had he been seen.

However, no one worried about him, for they knew him so well that it was a pretty sure thing that he would evidently be found safe and sound.

It was rather late when they arrived at the Red Cross headquarters.

Every one there was busy in the hospital part, but the girls had certainly done enough for the day, so they did not put in any service that night.

Rose Rutland was soon found, and then Wild and his friends had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing the two lovers embraced.

Of course the girl had heard of the heroism of her lover, and she was so happy that she could hardly find words to express herself.

"That's all right, gal," Charlie said, as he stepped up and patted her on the shoulder. "If that rich uncle of yours don't think Doran is all right now, he must have a mighty funny disposition. He likes heroes, as you said, so here's one," and he nodded toward the Irish sergeant.

"If a fellow has to do nothing more than I did to become a hero, I say it's easy," the sergeant retorted.

But in spite of what he said there was no mistaking the pride he felt.

This was human nature, however, so there was no one who did not think he had a right to feel proud of his achievement.

After a good night's rest our friends were up bright and early and ready for business.

There had been an attack during the last hours of the night from the Germans, but it amounted to little or nothing, and just before sunrise the real fighting began again.

Nine o'clock in the morning found Young Wild West and his friends well over toward the German firing line.

But it happened that the lines ran in zigzag fashion, and as there was little going on away to the left, they managed to get where they could be seen and were immune, for neither side would fire in the direction of the Red Cross or hospital corps.

In leaving that morning Wild had chosen to put on his other coat, which was quite new, since the one he had been wearing had become somewhat soiled.

It was in a pocket of this coat that the villainous Frenchman had placed the papers that would brand the young deadshot a spy of the Allies.

Of course it never occurred to Wild to go through the pockets at all, and he was unaware of the trick that had been played upon him by the man who had suffered the death penalty afterward.

All the forenoon the battle raged fiercely, with neither side gaining any advantage.

But during the noon hour there came a lull.

Many lives had been lost, and the wounded were plenty.

Chance brought Wild and one of the physicians belonging to the hospital corps a little too close to the firing line of the Kaiser's army.

Bullets began flying dangerously close to them, and seeing that a change had been made in the lines at the other side, they were forced to get on the German side.

Wild was wearing a Red Cross badge, and the physician was of course equipped so he could be readily recognized.

"Pretty warm, eh, doctor?" the young deadshot said, in

his cool and easy way, as they were almost dodging about to escape the leaden hail that was flying so close about them.

"They seem to have forgotten who and what we are," was the reply. "Let us hurry."

They were not long in reaching a sheltered spot, however, and then when he thought he was entirely safe Wild turned to get around behind the trenches that had been hastily dug by the Germans during the night.

He had got across one, and was just about to leap for another when a bullet that was almost spent grazed his right side, tearing a strip from his coat.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed. "That was a close call."

The doctor was a little bit more careful, but after a while he managed to reach the boy's side.

Just then a portion of the Red Cross Corps who had been working on that side came up and called upon them for assistance.

Willingly the young deadshot lent a hand, and for the next half hour was busy carrying in the wounded to the hospital tents, which were located behind a small ridge.

While he was resting after having been working pretty hard, a German lieutenant came up, followed by a small detachment who had been ordered to lend assistance to the physicians and nurses.

"How are you, lieutenant?" the young deadshot called out, in his cool and easy way, recognizing the rank of the officer, of course.

"You are Young Wild West," came the reply, in excellent English. "I have seen you before, but never had the pleasure of speaking to you."

"You have got that dead right. A pretty hot time of it, eh?"

"Very. But say, it looks as if you had a close call, as you Americans say," and the lieutenant pointed to the tear in his coat.

"Yes, rather. Some fellows got a little careless, I reckon," Wild answered, as he placed his hand upon the coat.

Then for the first time he discovered that there was something in his inside pocket, for it showed through the opening that had been torn by the bullet.

Knowing that he had the valuable papers he always carried in another pocket, he slipped his hand inside and pulled out the papers that had been placed there by Le Tandier.

As he looked at the inscription on the envelope he gave a violent start.

"What does this mean, I wonder?" he said.

"It means that I should take it and deliver it to our general," the lieutenant answered, quickly, for he was standing close enough to see what was upon the envelope.

"I reckon I had better see what's inside of it first," the young deadshot answered, as he quickly tore open the envelope.

Then much to his amazement he found a chart and complete description of one of the localities where a large portion of the German forces were located.

Documents showing the way to get in and out of the place were also there.

Naturally the army officer looked at it.

"You just came from Verdun, did you not?" he said, somewhat excitedly.

"Yes. Been there for the last few days."

"And with these papers in your pocket?"

"No. I wasn't aware that I had such papers about me."

"But you just took these from your pocket, Young Wild West. Permit me to place you under arrest as a spy."

The young deadshot could scarcely believe his senses.

But he knew that he was in a pretty bad fix, for the fact that he had taken the papers from his pocket with his own hand and right before the lieutenant would be evidence enough to make him appear guilty.

"I can't explain anything further than that I didn't know I was in possession of those papers, lieutenant," he said.

"Ha!" and the officer smiled in a sinister fashion, showing that he fully believed the American boy to be a spy against the German army.

A few words from him and two soldiers stepped forward and seized the boy.

Then he was marched away to the headquarters of the general in command.

The physician who had been forced to accompany Wild into the territory that was being held by the Germans was not close by at the time the arrest was made.

But he quickly learned of it, and then hastened after the prisoner, only to be pushed back by the German soldiers.

Half an hour later Young Wild West was brought before



the general in command, who was a big man with a sinister-looking mustache and hostile eyebrows.

"A spy, eh?" he said, coldly. "And an American, too. The young man I have heard so much about. The leading so-called hero of the great Wild West Show from the United States."

"That's all right, general," Wild answered, in his cool and easy way. "It was only the day before yesterday that I was accused by the Allies of being a spy. Now it seems that it is turning the other way. But the fact is that I am strictly neutral, and I reckon I'll be able to prove it."

"We shall see about that. The war is on, and it matters not what nationality you are. If you are proven guilty of being a spy, you shall be shot," was the reply.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BIT OF ROMANCE ENDS HAPPILY.

In vain did Young Wild West declare that he was strictly neutral, and did not know how the papers had come in his possession.

After a consultation with some of the officers the general ordered him to be placed under guard.

But the physician felt certain that Young Wild West was innocent, as he knew all about the charge that had been made against him by the French and English, and how Le Tandier had been shot partly for causing it and partly because he was a spy himself.

Consequently he was bound to do his utmost to convince the Germans of the boy's innocence.

So persistent was he that he at length was granted an audience with the commanding general, and he related to him the whole story, and wound up by declaring that since Le Tandier had been caught in the home of the young deadshot, he undoubtedly had placed the package in the coat for the purpose of obtaining revenge.

While this was quite plausible, the general would not at first listen to it.

But the physician, who seemed to regard himself as one with authority enough to speak fully on the subject, continued, and at length he was questioned as to the general appearance of the spy who had been shot in Verdun.

The physician was able to give an exact description of Le Tandier, and when he had finished the general shook his head and said:

"I know of such a man. On three occasions his assistance to us has been valuable. If what you say is true, and it can be proved, I will permit the American boy to depart."

This was quite satisfying, so the physician promptly sought Wild and told him of the progress he had made toward gaining liberty for him.

"I must get back to the other side and bring others who will bear out my story. You will have to wait, he said.

"All right, doctor," the young deadshot answered, cheerfully. "I have no idea that I will be shot for a spy. It is not the first time this thing has happened, and as I have always got out of it before, I see no reason why I won't this time. Go ahead."

While the battle was raging the doctor secured a horse, and after riding several miles, managed to get back into Verdun.

The effects that had been taken from Le Tandier after he was shot were easily to be found, since the physician had been there at the time.

When he got hold of them and searched over some papers, it was easy for him to find the ones that would identify the villain.

But not satisfied with these, the physician returned to the temporary quarters of the Red Cross, and got two attendants who knew all about the case to accompany him to the German general, so they would arrive at sunset, when probably there would be a cessation of hostilities.

It happened that Arietta learned that Wild was missing, and she was not long in discovering where he was and why he was being held.

"I am going with you, doctor," she declared, resolutely.

"It will be dangerous, probably, miss," was the reply.

"Not dangerous for me. I am used to all sorts of danger, you know."

He tried to persuade her to remain, but it was useless, for

when Arietta once made up her mind to do a thing, she generally did it.

But it was a rather tedious wait before they were able to set out, and then just as the sun went down and the big guns became silent, probably to wait for the coming of another day before they belched forth their death-dealing shells, the little party proceeded by a roundabout way until they got into German territory.

They were all on horseback, and carrying the Red Cross flag, proceeded on unmolested until they came to the tent of the commanding general.

It was near this where Wild was being held a prisoner.

It happened that the general was willing to receive them, and the physician went right at work.

When he produced the papers he had taken from the effects of Le Tandier, he easily convinced the big German commander that it was their valued spy who had been shot by the Allies.

Then the story was again told, Arietta taking part in the recital of it.

After this Wild was called, and when he had shown the royal papers he had from the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, there was no longer any doubt shown by the general.

"I am sorry for this," he said. "It seems to have been a conspiracy. This man you call Le Tandier, though I knew him by another name, probably put the papers in your coat as it was hanging in your apartments, doing so for the purpose of having revenge upon you. But I assure you that I didn't know that he was such a villain. A spy is one thing, and a thief and abductor is another."

"That's all right, general. No harm done. I'm sure it didn't hurt me one bit to remain here all this time. One thing I will say about you is that your officers and men have treated me fairly well. I will bid you good-evening."

"But you haven't been actually dismissed yet," spoke up the physician.

"The case is dismissed, and you can go free," the general said, quickly.

"Hello, little girl! I suppose you were a lot worried again," Wild said, as he took Arietta by the arm and walked toward the horses they had ridden to the place.

"Of course, Wild. It seems rather strange that you should be accused by both Germans and Allies."

"Nothing so very strange, when you come to think that Le Tandier is responsible for it all. I have heard enough about him to convince me that he must have been one of the most clever fellows in all France."

"And a spy for the Germans, at that," the doctor added, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Anything to make money," Wild said, laughingly. "But it's all right, doc. I'm much obliged to you for what you have done, for if it had not been for you the chances are I might have been compelled to remain here a while longer, probably long enough to be shot to death as a spy."

"You are no more pleased over it than I am myself," was the retort.

"How about Spitfire, Et?" Wild said, as he assisted his sweetheart to mount her horse.

"I don't know anything about him, Wild. Where did you last see him?"

"Oh, he was with the horses of Charlie and Jim over near the Red Cross quarters when I saw him last. I reckon they have taken charge of him."

"You can be sure they have, Wild. Let us go and find them as soon as possible."

It was fully half an hour after they left the German lines before they found Charlie and Jim.

Hop Wah was with them, and so was the sorrel stallion.

Naturally, the young deadshot's two partners had been alarmed at his protracted absence, for they had not struck the right ones to learn what had happened to him.

"Boys," he said, as he showed them where the bullet had torn a strip from his coat, "I reckon I'll put this particular garment aside and hold it as a relic of the battle of Verdun. The other coat will do all right for a while, and you can bet your life when I put it on I'll search the pockets to make sure that no one has placed anything in them that is likely to get me into trouble. This being accused by both Allies and Germans as being a spy don't set good on my stomach. I have been doing my best right along to show my neutrality in this war, but it seems that I am bound to get into trouble, anyhow. However, Le Tandier will never make any more trouble for us, and that is one good thing."



"The measly coyote got just what was comin' to him," the scout declared. "So he was a German spy, eh?"

"Not a German by nationality, but a Frenchman, and a spy of the Germans."

"That makes it all the worse. He was what I would call a traitor."

"But I suppose the Germans thought pretty well of him, since he was helping them out a whole lot. It's all under warfare, boys, so let it go at that."

It was past nine o'clock when they sat down in their snug quarters in the building they had rented for supper.

Hop Wah was very cheerful, and bustled about, assisting Anna all he could.

The meal over with, they began to think of retiring for the night, for they were all pretty well tired out and needed sleep.

But before any real preparations could be made for it there was a knocking on the door.

"What does this mean, I wonder?" the young deadshot said, as he arose to answer the summons.

Arietta followed him, carrying a small lamp, for there was no light in the hallway of the house.

Wild unlocked the door, and opening it, found Sergeant Doran standing there.

"Sorry to disturb you, my American friend," the sergeant said, stepping right in, "but I couldn't help coming over. I have got Miss Rutland with me, and also her uncle, who arrived two hours ago from Paris by automobile."

"You certainly are welcome, sergeant," Wild answered, and then Arietta came forward to meet Rose Rutland.

The uncle in question stood upon the porch, acting as if he was waiting for an introduction.

"Come right in, sir," the young deadshot called out, in his cool and easy way. "If you are Miss Rutland's uncle I know you are all right."

"You're the young American they call Young Wild West, I presume," the man answered, as he extended his hand.

"Yes, sir, that's just who I am."

"My name is Richard David."

"More than pleased to meet you, as I just said. Step right into our humble apartments. We are only living here temporarily, you know. Thought we would stop in Verdun and get a line on the fighting between the two armies, and at the same time render what help we could to the Red Cross Society."

"I have heard much about you all," the girl's uncle declared.

Into their living apartments Wild and Arietta conducted the visitors, and in a very short time every one was acquainted and an animated conversation was going on.

"Well, boss," Cheyenne Charlie said, as there came a lull in the conversation, "I reckon everything will be all right now, won't it?"

"I think it will take a very long time before the war is settled," was the reply.

"I ain't meanin' the war, boss. I'm meanin' that everything will be all right for the young couple now."

"I don't quite catch your meaning, sir," and David looked at him in surprise.

"Well, see here. Don't you think the Irish sergeant is worthy of the hand of your niece? I believe that's the way Foxgutter put it, ain't it, Wild? Worthy, I mean."

"That's a very good word, Charlie," the young deadshot answered, laughingly.

"I—I suppose I understand your meaning now. You must have heard of the affection that has sprung up between the two."

"Heard all about it, boss. That gal is all right, an' she should be given a whole lot of credit for becomin' a nurse to help along the wounded. But say, boss, that Irishman is one of the bravest fellows I ever set eyes on. I seen somethin' of what he done with my own eyes. He rode out right under full fire of the enemy an' killed a Dutchman an' got back the flag that had been took from his company."

"So I have heard," and David turned his gaze upon Doran, who was sitting modestly near his sweetheart.

The fact was that the sergeant had been a little timid about asking the girl's uncle for her hand in marriage.

But the ice had been broken for him now, so without any waste of time he started right in.

"Mr. David," he said, rising from his chair and placing a hand upon the man's arm, "I learned this afternoon that I am going to be promoted to a lieutenant because of what they

call my bravery in rescuing the captured flag. That means I will have a chance to go higher in the army. I have talked it over with Rose, and she is willing to marry me as soon as possible, taking the chances of becoming a widow right on the jump. But I am satisfied that no German bullet was ever meant for me, and I am coming out of this with a clean score. Now then, what do you say? Can we get married?"

"I am sure I have no objections, provided Rose wishes it that way. What do you say?" and he turned to the girl.

"I—I have consented to marry him, provided you are willing, uncle," came the answer.

"Very well, then. But I should advise that you put it off until after the war."

"No, Mr. David. She says she will take the chances of becoming a widow."

"Let them go right ahead, Mr. David," Wild spoke up. "There's got to be a little romance running through this war, and this is only a small bit of it. Surely you are satisfied that the serpeant is worthy of your niece's hand."

"Yes, I am, for to be truthful I will say right in his presence that I admire his heroic deed in risking his life to get back the flag of his division."

That settled it, as far as the bit of romance as Wild called it, went.

It was a little difficult for Sergeant Doran to obtain the license and obtain a clergyman to perform the ceremony.

But the very next night at nine o'clock Young Wild West and his friends had the pleasure of witnessing the ceremony.

Doran had seen to it that Hop was there, too, for he had taken a liking for the clever Chinese.

"Now then," he said, after the congratulations were over, "we have among us a worthy native of China, who, I understand, is a great entertainer. I propose that we forget all about the war for a time and enjoy ourselves. Hop, you promised that you would give an exhibition of your wonderful skill in legerdemain."

"Lat um new word, Misler Charlie," Hop said, turning to the scout smilingly. "You ketchee lat?"

"Not quite," was the reply. "What was it?"

"Allee samee legerdemain. Lat meanee magic, sleight-of-hand, so be."

"Well, never mind about it. Go ahead an' show 'em what you do. Of course what you do won't be nothin' new to us, but maybe they'll sorter like it for a while."

"Misler Charlie," the Chinaman whispered, at the same time nodding toward the door, "me wantee see you allee alone, so be."

"I understand what that means," the bride's uncle spoke up, laughingly. "He is going to use the scout for a confederate."

"Not much he ain't, 'cause I wouldn't help him," Charlie answered.

But he followed Hop outside the room, and when the Chinaman took him to where there was plenty of wine and liquor, Charlie could not help but nod approvingly.

"Velly goodee tanglefoot, Misler Charlie. Helpee youself, so be. Misler Wild and Misler Jim no dlinkee. Um sergeant no dlinkee, and um Englishman no dlinkee. Me and you havee dlinkee evelythling, so be."

"Blamed if I don't take a little nip, anyhow, Hop. Here she goes," and the scout quickly uncorked a bottle of brandy and poured some of it in a glass.

"Velly goodce luckee, Misler Charlie," the Chinaman said. "Now we go allee samee back and havee lillee fun."

It is not necessary to tell just what Hop did in the way of a magic performance, but surely it was pleasing to those present, and the result was that it was long after midnight before our friends retired.

All hands declared that they had experienced quite enough in Verdun, so it was their intention to go to some other part of the fighting zone as soon as possible, which they did, as the sequel will prove.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE FRENCH SPY; OR, THE HONOR OF AN AMERICAN."

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## CURRENT NEWS

Fred Koski went out in the woods near Pike River, Minn., and shot a deer and a moose, but when he returned to Virginia he brought along only two rabbits. After Koski shot the big game he attached license tags to the game and then went off to secure a conveyance to bring it to town. When he got back he found the moose and the deer carcasses missing and in their place were two rabbits with the license tags neatly tied to them. Since Koski returned to Virginia his friends have not been able to approach within a block and a half of him.

Crab fishing is now one of the recognized industries of Wisconsin. Handling the little crustaceans has become a regular business only recently in this State. This year prospects are all records will be broken. Since the season started, about June 15th, one company has shipped approximately 100,000 crabs each month. A conservative estimate of the entire crab catch for the 1914 season in and around Green Bay would be something close to 4,000,000 crabs. At the wholesale price of thirty-five cents to forty cents a hundred this number will bring in the neighborhood of \$15,000. Not many years ago the price of crabs was from five to ten cents, and the demand was never equal to the supply.

There was a flurry of interest in musical circles recently when it was announced that John McCormack, the tenor, had bought the "Healy Strad." for \$10,500. McCormack, in addition to being an opera and concert star, is an accomplished violinist. The violin is one of the most coveted in America, and for several years has been held by Lyon & Healy for the coming of a purchaser who would pay the high price set upon it. The "Healy Strad." was made by Stradivarius in 1711 for an Italian nobleman. The instrument remained in the possession of the nobleman's family until forty years ago, when it was brought to America. It was placed on sale a few years ago and bought by Lyon & Healy. McCormack also bought Paganini's favorite bow, declared by experts to be the finest in America, for \$500.

Devices have already been invented for plugging the corks of champagne bottles and the like so as to deal out the fluid in small quantities through the inserted tube. A new French device of simple construction has the general shape of a corkscrew, and is run through the stopper by a small screw placed on the end of the long tube. Small holes just above the screw admit the liquid to the top. At the upper end of the tube near the handle is a second screw thread which engages in the cork and makes a tight joint to prevent escape of gas. To deliver the liquid, the bottle is tilted flat so that the corkscrew handle is vertical, and by pushing a spring plug in the top end of the handle, the liquid flows out through the other end into the glass, the corkscrew handle being made hollow for the purpose.

They do things in Delaware to-day precisely as they did things a hundred or more years ago. Delaware is a poor State to come to for justice, but if one seeks law, well, that's another story. For example, two months' imprisonment for stealing two cents' worth of milk was the sentence imposed upon John Peters, aged twenty-one, in the New Castle County Court, at Wilmington, Del. He was indicted with all the accompanying legal verbiage for the theft of a "half pint of milk, worth two cents, and a bottle, worth four cents," all lawful money of the United States, as the true bill set forth. Peters, who has been in jail since August 21st in default of bail, pleaded guilty. He asked for mercy, and said he had picked up the bottle of milk from a sidewalk, a statement that was corroborated by the milkman, who lost it. The fact that he pleaded guilty probably saved him from the whipping post.

With the exception of the one occasion in 1863, when the quotas of the States did not fill up as rapidly as desired, there has been no conscription in the United States. The draft riot in New York was the outcome of this conscription, and, as it happened, the muster rolls were filled in the meantime without need of the men originally drafted. The announcement that England is likely to inaugurate a conscription scheme if enlisting is not more brisk occasioned some comment at first. Folks seemed to think it was a novelty in England. The fact is, however, that the worst form of conscription was employed in connection with recruiting the navy in Nelson's time. No one was safe from attack by the redoubtable press gangs, and the victories of this glorious epoch of England's history were won in part by men who often kicked and bit and tussled to break away from the gangs that hurled them into the navy.

John W. Sisty, the Milan, Ohio, village blacksmith, celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently, and for two days this pioneer resident received congratulations. Although it has been ten years since Mr. Sisty was seen at the forge, he is still affectionately referred to here by every one as the "village smithy." For fifty-five years he was Milan's leading blacksmith. On his birthday anniversary he walked downtown to receive his mail. This he often does, despite his advanced age. Everywhere he was stopped and congratulated. From the postoffice he went to the residence of W. B. Bartow to visit his little friend, Miss Charlotte Bartow, whose birthday is the same date as that of the venerable blacksmith. He favored her with a present. In the afternoon Miss Charlotte visited Mr. Sisty and reciprocated in the matter of gifts. Mr. Sisty, while no longer very strong, is still in fair health. He knew Thomas A. Edison well when the inventor was a boy and remembers many of the boyhood incidents of Edison when the latter resided here.



# THE MOUNTAIN QUEEN

— OR —

## THE FAIR BANDIT

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER X (continued)

"They have made war upon our people: we are not many, for the deadly bullets of the pale-faces have thinned our ranks until only a few thousand of us are left. Once we were a great people: once we were the kings where they are now. There was a time when the redmen of the forests were as free, as unfettered as the bold eagle that skims o'er yonder mountain, but now, ah, now what are we? A hunted people, a fast diminishing race, who in a hundred years from now will not have a single survivor. And you, Star Eyes—you, an Indian princess, would wed one of these pale-faces whose heart is cold as the snow which covers the frozen earth during the long and cheerless winter. You would desert your own people for his sake; you would place your hand in his, and go to the ends of the earth with him. You are not a true princess, Star Eyes, else you would have more pride. But you shall never wed this pale-face. Sooner than see you become his bride, I will kill you with my own hands!"

"Star Eyes can never wed Black Wolf, for it is now impossible," the maiden said with a smile. "Black Wolf is a coward, a hound, a dog, for he attempted to stab the brave Border Eagle when his back was turned, but Star Eyes saved him," laughing softly. "She stabbed Black Wolf and he is now lying somewhere beneath the waters of the river, his wicked heart stilled forever more. He can never harm Border Eagle again. Ha, ha, ha, but he believed that Star Eyes would be his bride after he had sent his shining blade to the heart of her gallant lover. But how little he knew her! How little he dreamed she would avenge the death of one she loved, and he would have died but for the pale-faced mountain queen who saved him. She is a wonderful woman and Star Eyes will never forget her."

"Then Star Eyes plunged a knife into the fearless breast of Black Wolf?" Gray Hawk asked, in a low, terrible voice. "And all for the sake of the pale-face who is an enemy of her people. Well, she shall suffer for it then, and Gray Hawk will see that she is punished. She is a traitor to her people, she is not a royal princess, for her conduct has proved that."

Ere Star Eyes could answer him, there was a loud shriek of terror, and a sudden parting of the shrubbery that grew near by. Then Silver Spur, the white renegade, whose life had been passed with the redmen, plunged into sight, bearing in his arms the form of Lorretta, the beautiful daughter of the rich ranch owner.

"You are safe, my dear, so there is no reason why you should set up such a yell," the villain said coarsely. "Shut up, or I'll put a gag in that pretty mouth of yours, then you can't yell. Ah, but it was a neat trick, getting you away from your fine young lover and your fond old dad. Well, he will never see you again until you are my bride, then he'll have to give us his blessing."

### CHAPTER XI.

"YOU SHALL NEVER WED SILVER SPUR, FAIR LORRETTA."

It was of no use for Lorretta to cry aloud, for she was in the hands of her enemies, and no one could help her. She was a helpless prisoner, and how could she, a frail girl, ever hope to escape from those who held her there.

Harvey Gorman had played the part of a traitor to the youth who had risked his life to restore to him his child, but in the end the man to whom he was willing to sell her had turned upon him, and stolen her from him.

It was a just punishment, and in his own heart he knew he deserved it, yet he wanted Silver Spur to have her.

"Blame him, though, he is far keener than I am," he said to himself, his brows knit, his teeth set. "For he knows that once in his power he can force her to wed him, while if she is with me I would demand a certain amount ere I would give her to him. But go ahead, my brave Silver Spur, the tables may be turned yet, and when they are we shall see who is the winner."

Lorretta, left alone in the tent that was so carefully guarded by two stalwart savages, threw herself upon the couch of soft skins and wept bitterly, for she saw no hope, no way to escape from her dreary prison house. She would be forced to wed Silver Spur unless aid came to her soon, and how could she hope for that? Her father knew she was a helpless captive in the power of Silver Spur, but he would make no attempt to save her from him, because he wished her to marry him—and Harry, her brave, handsome lover, he was hidden away in some dark, mysterious corner of the old cellar in her father's ranch. There had been many strange meetings down in that region of gloom and darkness. Her father had met many queer-looking men there, and she often wondered at it, but never said anything, at the same time she knew there was something wrong about it.

Star Eyes heard the beautiful girl's cries of terror, and she started forward to go to her aid, her eyes filled with



an angry light, but Gray Hawk caught her by one arm, holding it in a grasp of iron.

"Star Eyes will remain where she is," he said, quietly, and yet in a voice that was a threat in itself. "She shall not interfere with the pale-face. He knows well what he is doing, and he is a good warrior."

"But he is forcing a pale-faced maiden to enter yonder lodge against her will," the Indian girl responded, "and Star Eyes will not bear it. He shall never make a young life unhappy if Star Eyes can prevent it. She does not like Silver Spur, she hates him, for he is a coward. He makes war upon women and children, but he dare not stand face to face with a brave man."

"Star Eyes shall enter her father's lodge, and she too will remain a prisoner until she sees fit to obey the commands of Gray Hawk," the chief said, grimly. "And if it be true that she has stabbed Black Wolf, as she says she has, then there are still other brave warriors in our tribe who will be glad to claim her as their bride. But she shall never wed the pale-face. Gray Hawk will instruct his braves to send an arrow to that cold proud heart of his the very instant they behold his pale face."

"If Gray Hawk does that, then Star Eyes will soon follow him," the maiden declared. "For upon the very moment she learns of Border Eagle's death, she will spring from the highest cliff into the river. Border Eagle shall not go alone into the Spirit Land, for Star Eyes will be beside him. Hand in hand they will stand upon the shores of the Great River, and then Gray Hawk will never be able to part them again."

"Star Eyes is talking foolishly," the chief said sternly, "and Gray Hawk will not listen to her. She shall remain a prisoner the same as the pale-face maiden. When she can be herself again, then she shall come forth to meet her bridegroom."

"There are but two bridegrooms who shall ever claim Star Eyes," the maiden answered proudly. "One is Border Eagle, her brave white lover; the other is cold, pale Death! If she cannot lie in the warm, strong arms of Border Eagle, then she will eagerly welcome the embrace of the grave. Gray Hawk must remember that."

Thus it came to pass that the Indian princess found herself a prisoner in her father's lodge. She was in fully as bad a position as the beautiful Lorretta, who was in the power of the wicked Silver Spur. But where Lorretta wept and gave up in despair, Star Eyes was proud and silent.

She had made up her mind to wed only Border Eagle, her pale-face lover, and Gray Hawk would find it a difficult task to force her to obey him.

Late in the afternoon Gray Hawk came to her, a grin of triumph lighting up his dark face.

"Star Eyes did not kill the great Black Wolf after all," she said slowly, "for he is alive and well, though sorely wounded, and in spite of her unkindness he still wants her for his bride; therefore, she will don her richest robes, and become his wife to-night when the moon is high in the heavens. At the same time the pale-face maiden will wed the brave Silver Spur. He loves her the same as Black Wolf loves Star Eyes."

Star Eyes made him no reply, but her eyes glittered like twin stars, while her lips grew firm and set.

"Yes," she whispered to herself. "Star Eyes will prepare to meet her bridegroom, but it will be death to whose arms she will go, not the arms of Black Wolf."

Lorretta was aroused from her sad reverie by feeling that she was not alone, and, starting up, she saw the tall form of the man she feared and hated.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you are awake," he said with a wicked grin, "and you look bright enough to tempt any man. Do you know why I am here? No. Then I will tell you. You shall wed Silver Spur, fair Lorretta, this very night."

## CHAPTER XII.

"SAM JONES AIN'T THER BOY TER GET LEFT, MY BOY."

At his words, a low cry of fear burst from Lorretta's lips, for she would die a thousand times over rather than wed the renegade whom she knew to be the wickedest man in that part of the West.

"No, no, no!" she panted, springing to her feet, and flying like a frightened fawn to the other side of the tent. "No, I will die first! You cannot force me to wed you, bad and vile as you are, you cannot force me to do that. I will not! I will kill myself first!"

"Don't make such a fuss, my beauty," he said, with a leer, "for it won't do you any good, and I'll swear that you won't look any sweeter or prettier after crying than any other woman, and they all look like frights after they've been sniffing for an hour or so. Now, ducky dear, brace up, for the minister is waiting to splice us, and at the same time Star Eyes is going to tie up with Black Wolf. We'll have a jolly time. I can give you a pointer on that. Come, now, I won't wait any longer."

As he spoke he walked toward her, but with a cry of terror she fled from his clasp.

"Don't touch me!" she panted, desperately, holding out her fair hands as if such a frail barrier could shield her. "Don't touch me, oh, heavens, don't touch me! If I had a knife I would plunge it into my heart rather than have you lay one hand upon me!"

A muttered oath burst from his lips, and, striding forward, he seized her by the arms.

"Don't be a fool!" he said, coarsely, his cruel fingers tightening about her tender arm until she cried out with pain. "Don't be a fool. There's dozens of women better looking than you are who would give their old shoes to marry me, and here you're kicking up no end of a row. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Come along now, or you'll be sorry, my girl, I can tell you that."

A shrill scream of terror and despair broke from Lorretta's lips as he dragged her out into the open air.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling frantically to free herself. "Oh, for the love of heaven, let me go! I will not wed you; I will not! I will kill myself first! Help! help! help! Oh, is there no one who will help me?"

(To be continued)



# ITEMS OF INTEREST

## EDDIE COLLINS.

Edward Trowbridge Collins, who was acquired recently by the Chicago White Sox from the Philadelphia Athletics, the team with which he made the reputation of being "the brainiest baseball player that ever lived," in the estimation of Manager McGraw, was born at Millertown, N. Y., on May 2, 1887. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He bats left-handed and throws right-handed.

Collins began his big league career with the Mackmen in the closing days of the 1906 season, coming direct from Columbia College. Collins was signed under the name of Sullivan and assumed his own name the following spring.

Clarke Griffith, then manager of the Yankees, refused to give Collins a tryout on account of his small stature. In an effort to discover the latent possibilities of the youngster Mack tried him out at third base, and then at shortstop. He failed at both. Collins was then asked to try his hand at second base, and since 1908 has been rated as the best second baseman in the game.

Just a year ago Mack placed a valuation of \$100,000 on Eddie Collins. The attenuated manager declared his second baseman was worth that much money to him.

Just before Mack made this statement Collins turned down a Federal League offer of \$50,000 for three years. Eddie said he didn't believe there was any financial offer that could induce him to leave Connie Mack.

Last July Collins subscribed to a long-term Athletic contract. Neither Mack nor Collins would state the salary or the length of the contract. Several times during the past few months Collins was mentioned as the Yankee manager for 1915.

## FASTEST AMERICAN LINER.

Announcement was made by C. E. Stone, general traffic manager of the Northern Pacific Steamship Company, that the new Pacific liner Great Northern had averaged 24.7 knots on her trial trip in spite of rough weather. The new steamship returned to the Cramps shipbuilding yard at Philadelphia recently. The work of fitting up her interior decorations and furnishings will begin at once to have her ready to sail from Philadelphia to San Francisco via the Panama Canal on January 27.

The builders' engineers say they had no trouble in keeping up steam in the oil-heated boilers to feed the three geared turbines which drive the 12,000-ton liner, and one of the features noticeable on the trial trip, which lasted three days, was the vessel's lack of vibration.

The speed developed by the Great Northern makes her the fastest merchant liner afloat under the American flag. She will also be the biggest as well as the first passenger liner to pass through the canal.

The Great Northern will have five decks devoted to the accommodation of 500 first-class passengers, including the suites with private baths and luxurious single rooms. The drawing and smoking rooms and library will be fitted on the most recent lines, and there will be ample long promenade decks on either side of the ship suitable for fine or wet weather.

Her safety equipment will include wireless and submarine signaling apparatus, and double steel hull, with athwartship and longitudinal steel bulkheads, and lifeboats and life-saving jackets for all on board. The ventilating, lighting, refrigerating, and heating apparatus will be especially designed with a view to keeping passengers cool in the tropics as well as making the rooms comfortable in the cold weather. She will make the same time between San Francisco and Portland as the express trains on land, and will carry 800 passengers, with a crew of 200.

## EARTHWORKS STRONGER THAN FORTS IN WAR.

One of the peculiar features of the war in Europe has been the discovery that the old-fashioned earthworks proved better able to resist the great shells of the Germans than the modern concrete and steel fortifications, says the Sacramento Union.

Among the forts at Antwerp was one old one, which contained little concrete or steel, its chief defense system being massive earthen barriers. Into these piles of solid earth the big shells of the Germans sunk only about a yard, while in the newer forts they penetrated twice that distance.

It was also found that the damage caused by these shells was much less in the old than in the new forts. The explosion shattered the concrete in the new forts, while in case of the earthworks it simply made a shallow hole.

It was found earlier in the campaign that the modern fort was of little value when attacked by modern artillery. A single big shell demolished one of the forts of Liege, and the forts at Namur were wrecked with little delay by the giant projectiles.

On the other hand, intrenchments which sheltered strong forces of infantry, protected by artillery, have proved a hard problem for the armies of both the Germans and the Allies.

In fact the success of the French in preventing the Germans from invading France from the east has been due to the fact that the troops in the intrenchments along the hills have been able to keep the Germans away from the forts. In other words, the army has protected the forts.

It is not likely that the day of the fort has passed, but certainly no nation will be so foolish as to place its dependence on forts of steel and concrete. The main defense of the nations will be now, as always, not the castle and the fort, but the men.



# DICKERING DICK

—OR—

## THE LUCKY BOY TRADER

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER VII (continued)

The yellow cur, however, whipped the deacon's dog in the fight, and the deacon and his dog returned home instead of going to church.

The wagon driver had cut him twice across the face, leaving red marks that smarted considerably.

When Dick heard of it, he exclaimed:

"Bully for grandpop! I get my sporting blood from him."

The town marshal would have arrested the wagon driver, but he drove straight through town, and was soon beyond his jurisdiction.

"Say, mother," laughed Dick, when he heard the news, "what do you think of grandpop attending a dog fight on Sunday? My chicken fight that he talked so much about occurred on Wednesday."

His mother had to laugh in spite of herself, but warned him to say nothing about it.

"Oh, I'll keep mum, but I guess he will, too, about my chicken fight."

But a day or two later it was the talk of all the school boys in Danbury about the deacon and his dog, and the old man was so wrathful over it that he could hardly see straight. Dick said he had to use two pair of glasses to read his Bible.

Dick was as full of mischief as an egg is of meat, and he bragged that his grandfather's dog was the best fighter in town, and that the old man would help him out if he ran up against a better dog than himself.

"Oh, he is game!" he chuckled, "and don't any of you boys forget it."

One day a countryman drove into town with a horse that was scarcely anything but skin and bones, and Dick noticed it.

"Why don't you feed that horse?" he inquired of the countryman.

"I do; but nothing that I give him will stay with him."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, I don't know. I want to sell him or swap him for a male if I can get one."

The man hitched him to a post where a groceryman had placed several for the benefit of countrymen, in the hope of getting their heads.

He then slipped off down to the depot, and asked Uncle Jack to come up and look at the horse.

The old man did so.

"By the great kangaroo!" muttered the old man. "He needs about three hundred pounds of meat on his bones," and he walked up to the horse and examined his mouth.

"He's eight years old, my boy," the old man remarked.

Then he examined all four of his feet and added:

"He's just been worked to death, as well as starved. He belongs to a mean, stingy man, I guess."

"What's he worth, Uncle Jack?"

The old man looked at him.

"Does the owner want to sell him?"

"Yes, or swap; but I haven't anything to swap for him. What's he worth in cash?"

"Well, if you can get him for anything under twenty dollars, do so. It will cost another ten to fatten him up."

"What'll he be worth then?"

"Anywhere from fifty to seventy-five dollars."

"Uncle Jack, can you fix him up all right?"

"Oh, yes! By careful feeding, and the proper medicines his owner wouldn't know him inside of a month. His coat will be as slick as satin. I tell you, my boy, there is nothing that beats nux vomica to put flesh and a slick coat on a horse."

"All right, Uncle Jack! I've got ten dollars, and if you will put up the other ten I'll see what I can get him for."

"All right," said the old man. "I've got that seventeen dollars and a half that you turned over to me, and I guess we'd better try it. But where can you keep him?"

"Hanged if I know! There's an old cow house on our neighbor's lot that backs up against ours, and I guess I can keep him in there."

"All right, then. I'll tell you just what to do with him, but you'll need money for food. You want to give him oats and hay, not too much at a time, but feed him about five times a day for the first week, a little at a time, and plenty of water to drink."

Dick calculated that he could get five dollars from his mother, as he had turned over seven dollars and a half to her only a few days before.

The old man went away, and Dick stood around the place waiting for the owner of the dilapidated horse to come out.

When he did Dick asked him what he would take for his old bag of bones.

"Do you want to buy him?" the old countryman asked.

"Well, yes, if you won't give him to me."

"Gosh! I ain't giving horses away."

"All right, then, I'll give you five dollars for him."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## HOW DICK MENDED UP AN OLD HORSE.

Dick's offer caused the countryman to snort indignantly, and, of course, he rejected the offer.

"Well, just look here; it will cost me fifty dollars to fatten him up," said Dick, "and then if he should die on my hands, instead of getting fat, the hide and bones wouldn't be worth five dollars. He will die on your hands in less than a week; so you had better take it."

"Not if I know it," said the countryman, as he proceeded to climb up in his little wagon.

"Well, what will you take for him?"

"It'll take a good deal more than five dollars to get him," was the reply.

"Well, how about two five dollars?"

The countryman shook his head; but Dick noticed that there was a slight hesitation about it.

He pulled out the ten dollars from his pocket, and shook it at the fellow, who gazed longingly at it.

"Make it fifteen, and you can have him," the fellow finally remarked.

"That's too much," said Dick. "I'll split the difference with you."

"All right; I'll do it."

Dick went into a grocery store, and had a five dollar bill changed, and went out and paid for the animal. The owner unhitched him from the little wagon, and bargained with a neighbor to tie it behind his wagon and draw it home for him.

Dick got a piece of rope, tied it around the horse's neck, and led him home, but before he could reach there, about a half score of schoolboys were accompanying him and laughing at the old "rack of bones," as they called the horse.

His mother's heart sank down in her bosom when she saw the starved animal, and gasped out:

"Mercy on me, Dick! Have you lost your senses? Where in the world will you keep that poor horse, and what will you feed him on?"

Dick led the horse into the back yard, tied him to the garden fence post, and then hurried over to a neighbor, whose cow had died, and asked permission to keep the horse in the cow house.

The neighbor readily consented.

Then he returned to his mother, and told her confidentially what old Uncle Jack had said to him about it.

She had great confidence in the old man's judgment, because he had been a trainer of circus horses; but still the sight of the old horse made her hesitate.

Dick wanted five dollars out of the seven and a half he had given her a few days before to buy feed.

She hesitated, but finally let him have it.

He still had seven dollars and a half of Uncle Jack's ten dollars, but he didn't care to use that for food without the old man's consent.

He ran downtown, bought hay and oats, and, under instructions from the old man, went to a drug store, and bought several nux vomica buttons.

He cut up the proper amount, as the old man had instructed him, and proceeded to diet the horse.

The next morning the village paper made the amusing statement that Dickering Dick had bought a rack of bones that was formerly known as a horse, and was going to make a racehorse of him.

It was the first time the nickname of Dickering Dick had been applied to him, and from that day the name stuck to him. His grandfather sent his wife down to look at the animal. The old lady was aghast when she saw the old frame, and returned to the house and had a regular war of words with his mother.

"Why, Clara, you must have lost your senses! That old horse will eat you out of house and home in less than a fortnight. He doesn't look as if he would live that long, no matter how much you feed him. Your father says that you must have lost your senses altogether."

Dick's mother became angry, and she retorted:

"What has father got to do with it? He never helped me a penny's worth in fifteen years or more. Just tell him to go on with his Sunday dog fights, and let my business alone."

It was the first time she had ever spoken so sharply about her unfeeling old parent, and her mother rebuked her for it.

The old lady tried to soothe her, but she burst into tears, for she was not worried about his cruel neglect of her, but about the trade Dick had made.

She didn't like the nickname of Dickering Dick, either.

Later in the evening she told Dick what she had said to her mother, and he was so tickled at her having sent the old man word to go on with his Sunday dog fights and let her alone that he threw his arms around her and hugged and kissed her until she was in a good humor.

"Mother, don't you worry about that horse. Uncle Jack says there is nothing in the world the matter with him except hard work and starvation, and that he can make him as slick as a young colt inside of three weeks. He told me all about what kind of medicines to put with his feed. He said the great horse trainers use them. But don't you say a word about that."

Dick kept a pail of fresh water in the old cow house for the horse all the time, so he could drink whenever he wanted it.

He gave him hay and oats so he would eat a little at a time without running the risk of foundering him.

Inside of a couple of days the old horse began feeling frisky. He was having all he could eat and nothing to do.

He began whinnying as soon as he saw Dick coming to the old cow house.

Dick dealt out the food to him four or five times a day, giving him a small quantity each time, and waiting for him to digest it before he gave him more.

At the end of a week he went into the house and begged his mother to come out and see the old "bag of bones."

The horse seemed to have gained fifty pounds of flesh. On Sunday afternoon old Uncle Jack came up and took a look at him. He questioned Dick closely.

"Dick, can you borrow an old saddle anywhere?" he inquired.

(To be continued)



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A somewhat unusual but what appears to be a really practical device is of recent Paris invention, this being a traveler's smoothing-iron, self-contained with its alcohol heater. Ladies will appreciate the convenience which is afforded by having an iron ready at hand, for on arriving at the hotel, clothes in trunks or valises are often sadly rumpled. It is then an advantage to have at hand the means of repairing the damage in a very short time, and in the neat leather case only 5 by 3 inches are lodged the iron and its alcohol lamp, the latter having a good-sized asbestos burner.

Joseph Cappello, No. 874 Franklyn Place, Milwaukee, Wis., has completed a wood model of a United States battleship which has taken him 889 hours in making. The model is 5½ feet long and 1½ feet wide and is equipped with guns, lookout stations, ventilators and all other details that are used in the construction of our modern warships. Mr. Cappello is a machinist employed at the Allis-Chalmers Company, and this is his initial attempt at wood carving. Since May 15, when he started to make the model, he has spent all his spare time on the work. Like Edison, he often remained at his work from the early morning of one day until noon of the next. Probably the most significant thing about Mr. Cappello's work is the fact that he had no wood carver's tools, but completed the model with the tools that can be found in almost any

household. His tool-chest contains a 10-cent vise, tack hammer, pocket knife, file, punch, nippers, small saw, serew driver, home-made chisel, drill brace and rule. The battleship and tools are on exhibition in one of the downtown department stores.

Farmer Charles Miller, of Marshalltown, Iowa, recently offered the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church an acre of his best corn, provided the women picked it. The society snapped up the offer, donned overalls and picked a yield of forty-eight bushels. They have made a formal entry of the stunt on their minutes and insist it's a record of its kind. The fact is, however, that the pastor of a Lutheran church in St. Louis two years ago exceeded the Marshalltown stunt with a margin of novelty to spare. A classmate of his in a theological seminary offered him \$500 toward the church debt if he would make the dresses for six dolls to be displayed and sold at the coming church fair, the dresses to be passed upon as to fit and general appearance by a committee of disinterested women. The pastor took up the offer, learned how to sew in three days, and bought the material, cut the doll garments and made them in time for the fair. Then he went out and kicked football all the afternoon with the high school boys of his parish. The dolls sold for an average of \$12 each, which the pastor dressmaker also added to the fund to pay the church debt.



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## GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

A cigar presented by the German Emperor to Lord Lonsdale, and by him to a resident of Hambledon, was sold at auction the other day at Henley in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital. The cigar fetched \$72.50, and is now the property of a local firm of butchers.

Frederick J. Gibson, of Oakland, Cal., has patented an apparatus in the form of a merry-go-round in which the cars are like aeroplanes and a motion is produced simulating that of such machines, so the users will in a measure experience the sensations of an aeroplane ride.

Miss Olivia P. Tescott is believed to be the only bride in America who had her wedding cake made entirely of ostrich eggs. She was wedded to Frederick Blencowe at her home in Bloomsburg, Iowa, and employees of the African Ostrich Farm and Feather Company furnished the eggs and hired a baker to make the unusual wedding confection.

Jonas Eckdall, Sr., whose funeral was held at Emporia, Kan., was buried in his army blue coat, which he brought home when he was discharged from the service of the United States at the close of the Civil War, nearly fifty years ago. Mr. Eckdall had carefully kept this coat, and it was in a good state of preservation. He was a member of Battery H, Second Illinois Light Artillery, and was in command of his company for three years. He was born in Sweden in 1829. He had lived in Emporia for forty years. He leaves three sons.

The way in which feathers and other foreign matter will adhere to the feet of birds is well known. The most famous is that quoted years ago by Darwin. This was that of a red-legged partridge, which was found to have a ball of earth measuring  $7\frac{3}{4}$  inches in circumference and weighing  $6\frac{3}{4}$  ounces around one of its feet. After softening the earth, a number of seeds were removed therefrom and sowed. No fewer than eighty-two plants came up, representing at least five species. This experiment demonstrated one of the many ways in which birds may disperse seeds.

Button factories of central Illinois which have been operating on half time since last spring, or totally suspended, have reopened as a result of the war in Europe. Germany has always given the pearl-button factories of the United States the most effective competition, and, with the elimination of that nation as a competitor, the button industry here will boom from now on. Illinois is fortunate in possessing an immense supply of mussel shells, from which pearl buttons are made, and the resumption of the factories, with the resultant demand for the shells of the soft-water clams, will be welcome to the men who seek the bivalves in the Illinois and other rivers of this State. It is estimated that the button factories of Illinois and adjacent States give employment to 10,000 persons, the majority of whom have been idle since last spring. Domestic trade in buttons will be supplied exclusively by the home manufacturers, giving a stimulus to the industry which they hope will prove lasting.

## GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Lady—I am collecting for the suffering poor. Man—But you are sure they really suffer? Lady—Oh, yes, indeed. I go to their houses and talk to them for hours at a time.

Mr. Gillis—Surely, Miss Gray, you have not forgotten me already? Why, I proposed to you at the seashore last summer. Miss Gray (much puzzled)—Can't you recall some other incident?

Cassidy—Shtop kickin' about yer hard luck, man! Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yersel' famous. Casey—Faith, Oi'll bet ye whin thot mornin' comes 'twill be me luck to overslope mesel'.

Papa—You were up late last night, daughter. Daughter—Yes, papa. Our fresh-air club met on the piazza. Papa—Who belong to your fresh-air club? Daughter (slowly and somewhat reluctantly)—Well—Jack—and—and—me.

Mrs. Guzzler (as Guzzler comes in unsteadily at three in the morning)—You have no excuse for coming home at this hour and in this condition. Guzzler—I had one, my dear, and it was a dandy, but I can't think what it was.

"Can any one tell me what a meter is?" asked the teacher of a primary class in an Allston (Mass.) school a few days ago. Only one little lad raised his hand. The teacher nodded, and the child said: "It's a thing you chop meat with. My papa is a butcher, and he's got two of them."

A small boy was one day asked by a clergyman if he knew what was meant by energy and enterprise. "No, sir," I don't think I do." The clergyman said: "Well, I will tell you, my boy. One of the richest men in the world came here without a shirt on his back, and now he has millions." "Millions?" replied the boy. "How many does he put on at a time?"



## A VALUABLE PACKAGE.

By Alexander Armstrong.

I was telegraph operator and station agent on one of the Western lines of railroad when this adventure of which I am going to tell you happened to me.

It was a wild and stormy night, and as the depot was nearly half a mile out of town, the set of loafers which usually collected about the stove in the waiting-room had evidently concluded to seek some place nearer home to spend the evening in, and, for a wonder, I was alone.

The express train from the West was due at 9.50. After that I should be at liberty, and I began to wish the evening was over long before the train came along, or else that I had some one to talk to, for the depot was in one of the loneliest spots that could have been selected, and the wind kept up a dismal moaning in the pines close by, and every now and then seemed to be positively howling in the wires of the telegraph. I began to feel nervous and fidgety.

At last the train came. I was also express agent, and the expressman on the train handed me a heavy, sealed envelope, remarking as he did so:

"Be careful of that, Branthwaite. There's a big bonanza in that package if it were yours or mine."

"Money?" I asked, noticing that there were but two passengers getting out—two men in shaggy overcoats and slouchy-looking hats, whom I concluded, without thinking much about them or paying but little attention to them, to be hunters returned from some up-country trip.

"Yes; a trifle of twenty thousand, I believe," answered Phillips. "Old Powers is sending it down to his son, who is putting up a mill somewhere near here, isn't he?"

"Yes; on the other side of the river," I replied. "It's lucky to have a rich father, Phillips."

And then the train started off, and I turned and walked towards the office.

As I neared the door, with the package in my hand, one of the men, who had been watching me, made a spring towards me. I don't know how I happened to be on the lookout for them, but I must have been, for I jumped back almost the same instant that he made his move, and before either one of them comprehended what I was about I made a dive between them and succeeded in getting into the office, and had the door bolted almost before I knew what I was doing.

I heard a volley of oaths hurled after me, and then I knew by the sounds and creaking of the door that both of the men were trying to break in. But I had no fears of their doing that. It was hardwood, well-seasoned, and would resist all their efforts in that direction.

I put the package in the safe and locked it securely. I stopped to think what was to be done. Then I sat down to think, while I could hear the men talking outside. I knew they were holding a council over the means to be used to effect an entrance and obtain possession of the money I had received.

It was anything but a pleasant situation to be in. Here I was alone, half a mile away from any assistance, at ten

o'clock at night—and a stormy night at that—and the probabilities were that nearly everybody was already in bed. If they were not, no one would think of coming to the depot at that time of night. Outside were two desperate men, who knew I had a large sum of money in my possession, and they knew that if they could effect an entrance. I would amount to but little in the way of preventing an accomplishment of their villainous purpose.

Suddenly a thought occurred to me. The clerk at the hotel where I boarded had taken a fancy to telegraph, and he had put up a wire between the hotel and the depot. Why couldn't I advise him of my danger and have him send help?

I heard a new sound at the door just then, which sent the blood in great, frightened waves all over me. The men had begun to cut their way in with pocket knives.

I rushed to the instrument and "called" George. What if he had gone to bed, or should be out! I turned pale at the thought.

But pretty soon a response came back. He was there. "Go ahead."

I began and wrote:

"I am in danger. Two men are trying to gain admittance for the purpose of robbing the express safe. Send help immediately, for heaven's sake! Not a minute to lose!"

"Slower!" telegraphed George, who had not been practicing long enough to be able to read very well.

I went over the message again; but I suppose excitement made my writing "blurred," for again he sent back word:

"Slower, and more distinct! Can't make it out!"

Good heaven! Before I succeeded in making him understand me they would be through the door, I thought, with a cold sweat breaking out all over me. But I went over the message again and this time he caught it and sent back a hurried "All right! Hold on for ten minutes!"

The men were working away like beavers. I could see the points of their knives once in a while as they splintered away fragments of the panels; but I knew that it would take them some time to cut away enough for them to make an entrance through. How I wished I had a pistol!

I waited in feverish impatience. Suddenly there was a crash and one panel was stove in by the foot of one of the men.

"Aha!" he grinned, with his leering face at the aperture. "You see we mean business, don't you? What are you going to do when we get in, eh?"

I didn't know. Die, I supposed, if they took an idea to put an end to me into their heads. Why didn't George and the help he had promised come? It seemed to me that they had had time enough to make a ten-mile tramp.

"We've got the second panel almost ready to stove in," said the other man, chuckling horribly over the cheerful information. "Then I guess Tom can crawl through. You might as well be opening that box o' your'n an' get out that bundle we're after. It'll save all of us considerable trouble an' time."



Crash came his foot against the panel, and it burst into splinters, and my heart fairly stopped beating when I saw one of them thrust his head and shoulders through the opening. I seized the poker and struck him over the head with all the force I could master. He rolled out a volley of thunders, but I was master of the situation at that particular moment.

Suddenly there was a sound of voices, and then the man outside cried out that they were "nabbed," and tried to make his escape. But I knew by the sound that he was caught and was struggling with his captors. There were several pistol-shots fired, and eager cries, during which the poor wretch in the door made no effort to escape, but lay limp and motionless. I began to fear I had killed him. I drew back the bolts and got the door open just in time to see the other one overpowered, a prisoner in the hands of half a dozen of the boys from town. Then we got the man out of the door. He wasn't dead, but he was insensible; my blows with the poker had been too much for him.

### THE PIRATE'S PROMISE.

"I know nothing of course about Kidd, Morgan, Black Beard, and the other famous pirates of long ago, gentlemen, but I can tell you from personal remembrance of Lafitte," and the old white-haired American commodore, on the retired list for thirty years, sipped his sherry, and shoved the decanter nearer to his guests.

"When the British moved on New Orleans, they thought it would be a grand thing to have Lafitte as an ally, and went so far as to offer him a captaincy in the royal navy and fifty thousand pounds, with pardon for his officers and men.

"He asked time to consider and get the soundings of his men, and that night went in a small boat, through the bayous, to New Orleans, where he boldly visited General Jackson and Governor Claiborne in their headquarters, told them of the British proposals made him, and also volunteered to serve on the American side, which offer was accepted.

"He then returned to his retreat to find that Commodore Pattison had swooped down upon the place and sank or captured his fleet, and burned his quarters.

"I was a youngster then, but was sent to Lafitte with dispatches, and I found him upon his nearly deserted island, his schooner, which had escaped capture, lying at anchor in a cove near by.

"He gave me directions as to what was best to be done: said he would watch the English, and upon their advance would bring the news at once to New Orleans, with their force in men and ships, and also throw the weight of himself and crew into the American ranks.

"Well, true to his promise, he came up and reported the advance of the British, and with ninety as bold villains as ever scuttled a ship, volunteered for the battle, and was assigned to the command of a battery on the river bank, and I, with a score of men from my gunboat, held position on his left, and within a ship's length of him.

"Lafitte fought like a demon, and did noble service.

"The president pardoned him for his services, and also his men.

"But there is one scene in the affray that is not down in history, and which I personally witnessed.

"That was the landing of a French officer in a small boat, and advancing suddenly upon Lafitte, attacking him with a determined skill and rage that showed he had some motive in it, for he had no right to join in the battle, being a Frenchman, and his vessel was anchored far above the city.

"Whether Lafitte recognized him or not, I do not know, but he fought only on the defensive, and was run through by the Frenchman, who at once returned to his boat and rowed away.

"I, too, was wounded, and, by the strange coincidence, the cots of the pirate and myself were placed side by side in the Ursuline convent, whither we were borne, and the same nun cared for us both.

"Some month or more after the battle, the nun handed Lafitte a sealed package one day, and stood as though waiting an answer, while half asleep, half awake, I glanced at the two.

"He broke the seal, and a proud light came into his eyes, while the nun said, softly:

"'It is your pardon from the president?'

"'Yes, for myself and men,' he answered.

"'You have deserved it for your gallantry: but, ah! my poor crime-stained Archille, will you not now lead a life of honor?' and the nun's hands were clasped, and her eyes bent upon him.

"'Holy Virgin! you are Celeste?' gasped the pirate.

"'Yes, I am your cousin Celeste, Archille.'

"'And I almost fear to ask of—of—'

"'Of your brother Henri?'

"'Yes.'

"'After you drove your knife, as you believed to his heart, believing I loved him better than you, he laid for long months on the verge of death: then he recovered and went to France, where your uncle, Jean Armignac, made him his heir, and got him a commission in the French navy.'

"'He gave me this wound.'

"'What! can he have been so revengeful? It was not his nature, Archille.'

"'True, but he knew me not as his brother, only as Lafitte, and he held me responsible for the death of his bride, who was killed in action with my vessel: he seemed maddened by her fate, and swore to take my life, and he nearly did it: but why married you not my brother, Celeste?'

"'Because I never loved him,' was the low response.

"'Ha! then my mad jealousy caused me to attempt to take his life without cause; and you love me, Celeste?' and he grasped her hand: but drawing away, she said with dignity:

"'I did love you, Archille: but now I am the bride of the church.'

"She had gone, and he caught my eye, and then told me of his past, and how, believing himself scorned as a man, he had turned to piracy."



## NEWS OF THE DAY

Heavy buying of foodstuffs by the allied nations and neutral countries continued during the period Nov. 1 to Nov. 10, according to an export statement released recently at the Custom House. The report reveals that England is provisioning Gibraltar on a large scale. The shipments from this port to the British fortress included 141,265 bushels of wheat, 2,240 bags refined sugar and 1,489 bags wheat flour.

Lynn Roby, of Coldwater, Mich., although not yet in his teens, has written and issued a pamphlet on chicken-raising and can give pointers to grown-up chicken farmers. This twelve-year-old poultry breeder has been in the business two years, beginning with a brown Leghorn hen that he swapped for. He now has 200 descendants of that tribe, is hard at work building a poultry house 16x24, doing the work himself and building it according to plans and specifications sent him by the government.

"Old Crip," the three-legged antelope that has been running over Briggsdale, Colo., for the past three months with one of its hind legs shot entirely from its body, is dead at last, having been killed by Deputy Sheriff Charles Peterson, who got a special order over the phone from Denver to kill the animal that, since its injury, has become almost a household pet for the children. He shot the antelope on the Canfield ranch and took the carcass to Greeley, where it is to be skinned by George Dauth and the hide mounted and presented to the Elks' lodge. The killing was done as an act of mercy to relieve its suffering.

To make the use of electric power supreme in the Panama Canal Zone, the electrification of the Panama Railroad is being seriously considered. It is argued that the change from steam to electric power would make the operation of the railroad cheaper and more reliable. Electric apparatus runs the machinery of the canal and nearly everything else is operated by electricity. There is a huge power plant at Gatun, operating on a seventy-seven-foot head of water. This plant distributes 44,000-volt energy to four substations at Gatun, Atlantic locks; Miraflores, Pacific locks; Christobal, and Balboa. The power of this plant can be considerably increased as Panama becomes a center of the world's passing trade.

Undoubtedly one of the most fantastic as well as remarkable collections of trees in the world has been produced at Versailles by a horticulturist who has spent years in training them into abnormal shapes, says Popular Mechanics. The trees represent anything except natural form. Some of them resemble different objects so completely that, at a short distance, they appear like those creating lattice or wire forms. One of these is umbrella-shaped, and, from a distance of a very few yards, appears almost anything but a tree. Its curved surface is shaped nearly perfectly. Other queer specimens represent

a windmill, a battleship, a pagoda, the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, flower vases, the temple of the Trianon, garden chairs and tables.

According to the latest census figures covering automobile registration in the various States, there are now 1,535,369 automobiles in use in the United States. There has been a steady gain since the first of the year. These figures are both for gasoline and electric pleasure and freight vehicles. On January 1st, 1914, there were 1,253,875 cars in use. By the latest census, New York is far in the lead with 160,475 cars registered. Illinois is next with 126,681 and there are only four other States in which the figure runs 100,000 or over. These are Pennsylvania, Ohio, California and Iowa, in that order. The State of Nevada has the fewest cars, the registration showing but 1,523 in use.

To her servant, Tillie Anderson, Mrs. Catherine A. Burchard, who died last August at 489 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, N. Y., left an estate valued at \$50,000. A clause in the will, which was made on Jan. 9, 1896, and was filed for probate recently, said the domestic was made the beneficiary because Mrs. Burchard's daughter, Cora Josephine, had left her in 1878 to become a sister in an order of the Protestant Episcopal Church against her mother's wishes. The daughter was regarded as dead because nothing had been heard from her since her departure. The estate goes to Miss Anderson during her lifetime, and at her death is to revert to Daniel D. Whitney, son of ex-Mayor Whitney of Brooklyn, who was Mrs. Burchard's counsel. Mrs. Burchard's will was drawn in the office of Almer F. Jenks, now presiding justice of the Appellate Division. Justice Jenks said he recalled the will, but he did not remember the circumstances under which it was prepared and signed. He was unable to say whether the daughter of Mrs. Burchard was still living.

A vigilant customs officer at Gravesend recently made a sensational capture of a German army officer, whom he extracted from hiding in a huge trunk that was about to be shipped from Gravesend to Rotterdam. This trunk was going forward as ordinary merchandise on board the steamer Batavier. The customs officer became suspicious and gave orders that the padlocks on the trunk be chiseled off. This was done and, when the lid was removed, his suspicions were justified. A man, later identified as a German officer, was lifted out of the box. He was promptly removed to the Gravesend police station. Bedding, food and water were found in the trunk, and it was evident that the man was prepared for a long stay. It is believed that this officer made his escape from one of the internment camps in England, and it is evident that he must have had accomplices in his efforts to leave the country, hidden in the trunk. It is supposed that he was endeavoring to convey information to Germany.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### WORLD'S BIGGEST MAN.

Being the biggest man in the world has some compensations, according to M. L. Lee, of Dallas, Texas, who was in Kansas City recently. Mr. Lee divides his time between the show business and a flourishing ranch near Dallas. Needless to say the ranch is the fruit of the money he has received for exhibiting his tremendous person.

Tremendous is the word, for a gasp of astonishment followed him when he appeared on the streets here. Here are his specifications: He is thirty-four years old, weighs 628 pounds and it takes a belt slightly more than 84 inches to encompass his waist. He says he has never known a day's illness in his life.

### WILL TOUR SOUTH AMERICA.

Manager John J. McGraw of the Giants announced that, as a result of the recent conference in New York with Charles W. Comiskey of Chicago, the same two teams of Giants and White Sox which took the trip around the world last year would make an extensive tour of South America, the Panama Canal Zone and Cuba after the close of next season.

The plan is to have a large party of fans accompany the baseball teams and a vessel will be chartered for the tourists as when they crossed the Pacific last year. As on the world's tour, Mr. McGraw and Mr. Comiskey will assume the responsibility for the trip. Mr. Comiskey stated before leaving New York that if there was a deficit he guessed that Mr. McGraw and himself could make it up.

The managers have received assurances that the trip will have the approval of the National Commission and it is likely that several prominent officials of both leagues will go with the tourists. According to the preliminary itinerary, the plan is to leave San Francisco in a chartered vessel and after playing games on the west coast of South America the party will round the Horn and play in the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

After leaving the United States the baseball tourists will stop off at Central America, visiting San Salvador and San José. The next stop will probably be made at Panama, after which visits will be made at Colombia and Ecuador. The next stop will be at Lima, Peru, and then Valparaiso, Chile.

A visit will be made in the Argentina, at Buenos Aires, and also at Montevideo, Uruguay. Brazil will also have a chance to see the major leaguers, as a stop will be made at Rio de Janeiro. After visiting Venezuela, the tourists will pay a visit to Cuba, after which they will return to New York.

It is expected that the trip will take ten or twelve weeks. When it was first suggested after the world's tour last year, many of the business men in the larger cities in South America became very much interested and Messrs. McGraw and Comiskey have received assurances that they will be well entertained on the trip.

### THE KAISER'S WEALTH.

Thanks to the advice of financiers who for obvious reasons he admitted to his friendship, the Kaiser's private fortune has increased to such an extent of late years that it was estimated a short time ago by the eminent German authority, Herr Rudolph Martin, that he is easily the richest man in Germany, having an annual income of \$5,000,000 derived from possessions valued at approximately \$100,000,000.

Apart from the Kaiser's fortune, his son, the Crown Prince, has a separate income of \$250,000, drawn from property valued at nearly \$5,000,000, while the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, enjoys some \$150,000 a year on account of an estate worth half a million. Altogether the principal members of the Hohenzollern family own property valued at approximately \$125,000,000.

The Kaiser's fortune has been mainly built up by investments in many businesses. "Tit-Bits" says. He has some very large holdings in the big German steamship lines, is extremely interested in the diamond mine enterprises of German West Africa, owns forests and lands to the value of three and a half millions, carries on a large lumber business, and has a horse breeding establishment in Western Prussia which brings him in a handsome revenue. Furthermore, he has great financial interests in a municipal lager beer brewery at Hanover, and founded an extensive pottery factory on his private estates at Cadinen.

Altogether the Kaiser owns about forty castles and country houses, valued at \$10,000,000, and various properties in Berlin, approximately worth \$5,000,000. In seven different provinces he owns seventy-four estates, comprising close on half a million acres.

It is interesting to note that ever since Germany began to make preparations for a great war the Kaiser has been investing immense sums of money on the other side of the Atlantic. He is one of the largest land-owners in the Western States—not in his own name, of course—and owns a considerable section of property in the west of Canada. So notorious is the fact that it was at one time a standing joke at Vancouver that, although the Kaiser was a large owner of property in a certain district, he declined to join the local ratepayers' association, which would have been materially assisted in its propaganda by the use of his name.

According to financial experts, the Kaiser's numerous investments in America can only mean one thing. To quote the words of one of these experts: "They indicate very plainly that the Kaiser, at the time when he was preparing to stake the fortunes of his dynasty upon an attempt at the conquest of Western Europe, was also preparing for the possibility of failure by consolidating huge financial resources in the United States and the neighboring Dominion, in case he had to escape to that part of the world."







### BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joke. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

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This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane of glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut, and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

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### HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK.



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

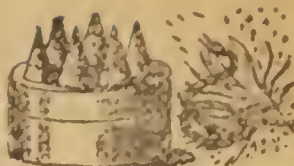
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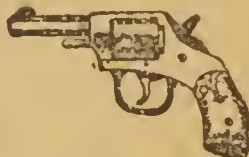
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Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

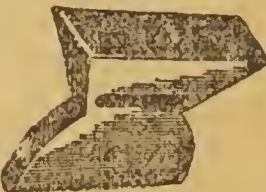
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